

The Nation.

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CONTENTS.

THE WEEK.....	321	The South as It Is.....	323
Will the Freed Negro Race as a South Die Out?.....	325	English Feeling towards America.....	326
A Lofly Enterprise.....	327	The Break Up.....	327
Corporations and the People.....	328	LITERATURE:	
General Lee as an Instructor of Youth.....	329	Literary Notes.....	331
The Rules of Evidence in Alabama.....	330	Mr. Parkman's Historical Novels.....	331
Councils and Conventions.....	330	The Schönbarg-Cotta Family.....	334
		Jesse H. Jones on Sir William Hamilton.....	345
CORRESPONDENCE:		Military Surgery.....	347
The Southern Whites.....	331	FINE ARTS:	
Small Savings.....	332	The Drama.....	347
Haldeman's Affairs.....	332	FINANCIAL REVIEW.....	349

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JOSEPH H. RICHARDS, PUBLISHER, 130 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

The Week.

THE public debt on the 31st of August, we are informed from the Treasury, amounted to \$2,757,689,570, against \$2,757,253,275 on the 31st of July; showing the very moderate increase of \$436,295 in the month just elapsed.

AN enquiry into the conduct of Judge Coursol and Chief of Police Lamothe was ordered by the Canadian authorities, soon after the disgraceful termination of the legal proceedings arising out of the St. Albans raid. The report of the commissioner, Mr. Torrance, has been published. As to Lamothe, he decides that he committed an indictable offence in refusing to execute the warrant of arrest issued against fourteen of the raiders by Justice Smith, and condemns him for surrendering the money. As regards Coursol, he says that if Coursol, as he maintains, sat as a judge, his hasty order discharging the prisoners from the custody of the Government officers, after deciding that he had no jurisdiction in the case, was "a grave dereliction of duty in a matter of national importance." If, however, Coursol had jurisdiction, his discharge of them was "more than a grave dereliction of duty." If he did not sit as a judge, but as a justice of the peace—which Coursol denies—Mr. Torrance decides that he is indictable for malfeasance in office. So that if he acted as a judge, he is liable to removal; if as a justice of the peace, to trial and punishment. The public here will now expect that one or the other of these fates will overtake him, and the Canadian Government is bound to see that it does.

IN June last Secretary Stanton requested Gov. Crapo, of Michigan, to require the civil officers of Detroit to turn over to the military authorities there two lieutenants, who were held for the homicide of a hack-driver. This the governor declined to do, on the ground that the accused were not at the time of the occurrence in the discharge of military duty, nor in the limits of a camp; and that the offence was not against the United States. But, besides this, he had no power to take the offenders from the custody of the law. We had supposed this decision was final, never having heard that the Secretary of War had pushed the matter. Now, however, in a parallel case, he makes the same request of Gov. Parker, of New Jersey, adding that "this has been the course pursued on similar applications in other States, under like circumstances, and in which the request of the Department has always been accorded." The governor declines, on the score of the inability of the Executive to interfere with the judiciary.

SECRETARY HARLAN has written an important letter to George D. Edmonds of Iowa, explaining, for the benefit of the Republicans of that State, his own opinions and those of President Johnson on the question of Negro Suffrage. He declares that President Johnson has taken no real action against the right of negroes to vote, or against the expediency of permitting them to vote; that what he maintains is that the power of deciding whether they shall or shall not vote belongs to the States, and that "the Federal Government has not the right to interfere primarily with the question of suffrage in any State of the Union." *Secondarily*, however, according to Mr. Harlan, the Federal Government has such right of interference, for he adopts the theory maintained by "T. F." in the columns of this journal a few weeks ago, that Congress under the clause of the Constitution which gives it the right to determine the qualifications of its own members, may refuse admission to persons with the mode of whose election it is not satisfied; and that under the clause requiring the Government to guarantee to each State "a republican form of government" it has the right to decide whether the form of government adopted by any State is or is not republican, and act accordingly. It seems clearer every day that the great struggle which has just ended on the battle-field is to be continued in Congress next session, and that the President is determined to shift from himself the responsibility of deciding the gravest question raised by the war.

THE Republican State Convention, held at Saint Paul, Minnesota, on the 6th, selected three of its candidates from the army—a general (W. R. Marshall), as the fashion goes, for governor, a lieutenant-colonel for secretary of state, and General C. Shafer treasurer. The resolutions were vigorous: "that neither a man's color, race, nor birthplace takes away his political rights;" that no portion of the people shall remain degraded and ignorant; that the imperial government in Mexico is not to be tolerated, and the Government should compel the withdrawal of the invaders. The Wisconsin Republican Convention at Madison, on the following day, had to nominate an attorney-general. There appears to have been a majority report of the committee on resolutions which omitted negro suffrage, and a minority report which introduced the awkward topic. The convention chose to abide by the former. The New York Democratic Convention assembled at Albany on the 6th, and adjourned on the 7th. The ticket upon which they agreed was compounded of Democrats and Republicans, and was headed with the name of General Slocum, now on duty in Mississippi, for secretary of state. General Patrick, formerly provost-marshal general of the Army of the Potomac, was nominated for treasurer; John Van Buren for attorney-general. The resolutions are loud in praise of the country's defenders, and unmistakably sound on the obligation to pay the national debt. The conduct of the South in accepting the results of the war, including emancipation, is applauded. So is the President for his policy of reconstruction; but so are not they who would delay this consummation by conditions of negro equality and negro suffrage. The second resolution is so curious, when we remember which party opposed the war and which sustained and conducted it to a successful issue, that we transcribe it entire:

"Resolved, That we congratulate the people of this State and of the nation upon the termination of civil war and upon the return of peace, and especially that this blessing is attained with a preserved Union, an undivided country, and the re-assertion of constitutional liberty throughout the land."

On the whole, this is the mildest-spoken Democracy whose doings we have yet had to chronicle. It may be they are none the less dangerous. Two elections occurred on the 5th—in Vermont for State and

county officers, and members of the legislature. Of course, the Republican ticket was carried, and by a majority not greatly varying from that of last year. The Hon. Paul Dillingham was chosen governor. The Senate is again a unit for liberty—for the issue, as presented by the victorious party, was equality of civil and political rights for all the inhabitants of the South—and the House is even more strongly Republican than before. The constitutional election in Colorado resulted in the adoption of the constitution by a large majority. The territory will plead to be a State in December. On the 7th an election took place in California, with great quiet and a light vote. The principal counties returned Union men to the Legislature. San Francisco was divided between seven Union and seven Democratic representatives. Secretary Seward has acknowledged the receipt of a copy of the amended constitution of Mississippi.

ONE who writes from Macon, Georgia, on the 15th of August, remarks:

"The wages that the freedmen obtain in the towns and cities are so large as to discourage the field laborers from planting. Thus I know that as much as forty dollars a trip is given to freedmen to work as firemen on board the steamers running between New York and Savannah. The run is frequently made in three days. I have seen a large number of negroes refuse to work at twenty-five cents an hour. In fact, they appear to think two or three dollars per diem very low wages, and I have yet to hear of any one working for less than a dollar and a half. The field hands hear what these others receive, and demand as much. I am more and more persuaded that the day for large crops of cotton at low prices has passed for ever. Cotton will be raised, but not as before. For instance, the women who used to work in the field now follow the men to the cities, and the men support them there. It is delusive to talk of the negroes starving: everywhere I hear nothing but complaints because the supply of labor is insufficient, and this while not one plantation in ten is half-worked. The whole of the South is to be rebuilt and refurnished, and until it is, the negro will find abundance of labor without working in the fields.

"Everywhere I find Northern men: in all the out-of-the-way places they do almost all the business. I find the impression among the planters that while emancipation will not permanently injure the border States, it is total and irremediable ruin to the cotton States; at least, so they express themselves almost without exception. Many are removing to North Carolina, or some other border State."

BUT few reports have been current concerning the freedmen. The planters of Charlotte County, Virginia, are said, like those of Nottoway, to be turning off their surplus help, upon a strict calculation of the hands which will be needed during the winter. These outcasts, who have received no recompense for their labor in gathering the crops, are forced to take refuge in the adjacent counties. The wages of those that remain are five dollars a month, out of which rent and clothing must be paid for. Colonel Brown has sent an agent to Marysville to protect the freedmen, and Gov. Peirpont his adjutant-general to Nottoway Court-House, on a similar mission. Instances of the turning away of families of women and children have also been authenticated in North Carolina, and Colonel Whittlesey has instructed his agents to levy upon the planters' stores of corn and bacon an amount sufficient to sustain the destitute sufferers until the close of the year. A change of treatment has already been produced, and the planters find it prudent and economical to take back the families they had thrust from their estates. The same superintendent has wisely decided the course to be pursued in cases of mixed parentage like the following: A colored woman of Hillsborough was the mother of two children when her husband was taken from her some four years since, and two more, light-complexioned, when he returned to claim her the other day. He is willing to resume the old relation, but objects to being burdened with the two aliens, who clearly resemble a white man of the vicinity. The wife is ready to declare the truth in the matter, and Colonel Whittlesey has permitted her to do so, adding that if, on further investigation, her story is corroborated, the genuine father shall be held responsible for the support of the children, according to the laws of the State. A universal enforcement of this decision at the South would reduce the family cares of many a colored couple to a minimum. The Freedmen's Bureau in North Carolina labors under great embarrassment from the lack of

co-operation with the military, who have been too early and too widely withdrawn. Gen. Swayne, the assistant commissioner for Alabama, has taken a very important step. He informs the judiciary of the State that he is loth to establish special courts for the freedmen, as he is instructed to do, which must necessarily be presided over by persons unfamiliar with the local laws. For this reason he would greatly prefer that the usual civil magistrates should accept the agency from him, and make no difference between black and white in the reception of testimony and the dispensation of justice. If this proposal is rejected in any quarter, martial law and a freedmen's court will be immediately established there. Gov. Parsons assists the general, and urges compliance on the part of the magistrates, pointing out the uselessness of refusal, and of any attempt to administer less than justice to colored applicants. The experiment, under military surveillance, will be watched with interest. We have a statement from East Tennessee that the President has ordered the discontinuance of the Freedmen's Bureau in that region, professedly because of the small number of subjects, and, from the statistics we presented last week, we might add, because the colored population is self-supporting. At the same time we should judge it desirable for the Bureau still to extend its aegis over those who are certainly not above the need of education, nor beyond the reach of malice, fraud, and even violence. The fruits of Gen. Fiske's tour through his department are seen in the fact that instead of the 7,151 freedmen who were subsisted by Government on the 15th of July only 979—mostly aged and infirm—are now drawing rations. The list of dependent refugees has been cut down from 5,969 to 11. Citizens of Virginia, North Carolina, and Mississippi are said to have addressed themselves in fear and trembling to the President, through dread of a rising of the blacks. Their apprehensions may have some connexion with a consciousness of guilt, and it cannot be doubted that one half the abuse which the freedmen have received in those three States since the cessation of hostilities would have fired white victims to deeds of vengeance. It is too late to expect this sort of thing from the negro, unless he perceives a deliberate design to re-enslave him. Those who are curious to know how he would then behave, may make the essay if they choose to bear the blame and the consequences. Gen. Howard, however, has arranged for a patrol or police system in districts where there are no agents of the Bureau.

THERE is a religio-political imbroglio in Missouri. By the new constitution of the State it is exacted that clergymen, lawyers, and teachers, among others, shall take the oath of loyalty, on or before the first of September of the current year, or forfeit a right to exercise their functions. The clergy, who are usually the foremost to insist on submission to the powers that be, have exhibited far more opposition to the law than either of the other two classes. The Catholics have the sanction of Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, who avers that priests cannot take the oath without a sacrifice of ecclesiastical liberty, and publicly requests to be informed of an attempt to force it upon them. Bishop Kavanagh, of the Methodist Church South, heads a united flock in the same pastures of resistance. The Baptists who met in annual convention at Boonesville, on the 19th and 20th of August, to the number of about fifty, agreed together not to take the oath, and drew up their reasons, to wit: that the oath is in conflict with the United States Constitution, by interfering with freedom of worship, being *ex post facto* in its operation, and making every recusant a witness against himself; that it is unjust and unequal in its application; that it offers punishment for what is no crime against any human law; and that it sets the authority of men above the divine. The Old School Presbyterians are counted upon the same side, with perhaps other denominations. Bishop Hawkes, on the contrary, of the Episcopal Church, has taken the oath, and recommended taking it, where it can be done conscientiously, or else the abandonment of preaching. The matter cannot long be kept out of the courts. On their part the Catholics are at loggerheads with the Fenians. An imposing pageant in connection with the funeral of one of the members of this organization, in St. Louis, was disapproved and forbidden by Archbishop Kenrick, who refused the use of St. Patrick's church, and entrance to Calvary Cemetery, to any procession of men or women wearing the insignia of

Penianism. He takes occasion to remind these people that they are not admissible to the sacraments of the Church so long as they are connected with the association, which he has always regarded as immoral in its object.

THE career of the famous Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment terminated on Boston Common on the 2d. On landing from one of the islands in Boston harbor, they were escorted by a colored militia regiment, the Shaw Guards, and the Hallowell Union Association, with bands of music, through the principal streets, amid the heartiest cheering, to the State House, where they saluted the governor, and then passed on to the field where they were to be mustered out of service. The usual evolutions were performed with great accuracy, and at the close the men were addressed with words of praise, affection, and sensible advice by their commander, late Colonel, now General E. N. Hallowell. The regiment, it will be remembered, on the 28th of May, 1863, with the lamented Colonel Shaw at its head, left Boston for Charleston harbor, and achieved its lasting renown in the unsuccessful but heroic assault on Fort Wagner. Here the colonel fell, and Major Hallowell was severely wounded. It is but a few days since the father of him whose monument was the bodies of his devoted soldiers, received his son's sword as a precious relic, albeit a sad reminder of that fatal encounter. Colonel Shaw's successor was worthy of him, and it is owing to Col. Hallowell's urgency that the regiment on its return could point to five colored commissioned lieutenants, including a quartermaster, as an evidence that brave men value each other for such essential qualities as courage, and do not suffer complexion to be a measure of human worth. The assumed native repugnance of African and Anglo-Saxon is ill-supported by the instance of this regiment, whose staff officers, including both colonels and Quartermaster Ritchie, were blonde and fair-haired men.

BESIDES the charge of the Freedmen's Bureau, the delicate business of confiscation devolves, by request of the President, on Gen. Howard. A circular of his, of the 4th inst., directs his assistant commissioners to cause accurate descriptions to be made at once of all confiscated and abandoned lands, and to set apart, for the immediate use of freedmen and refugees, as much of this property as may be required. That of which the title is least in doubt should be preferred in this apportionment. Lands which may be found on examination not to fall under the head of abandoned, shall be surrendered to claimants whose right is clear. Recipients of pardon from the Executive must file their claims and proofs with Gen. Howard, if they desire to recover their property from the operation of the confiscation act. The agent in Loudon County, Virginia, is specially ordered to suspend action in regard to assumed confiscated estates, until a careful revision and correction of the record can be made. Considerable alarm was excited in that county by the anticipated procedure of the agent.

THE following advertisement from the Charleston *Courier* tells its own story, and illustrates besides an observation in the letter of "Marcel," which we print on another page:

"EDITORS *COURIER*: In your published list of cases tried before the Circuit Provost Court, on the 19th inst., 'Robert S. Lord vs. Edward Perry, both freedmen.' I would beg to state that I have always been a bona fide free man; enjoyed those privileges before the war.

"August 22. ROBT. S. LORD."

It is well to try if half a loaf will not satisfy the mouth which waters and calls for a whole one. So at least reasons Judge O. A. Lochrane, of Georgia, for he told the people of Atlanta, in a letter intended to be overwhelmingly loyal:

"We must not only acknowledge the freedom of the slave, but we must go further; we must recognize his right to acquire property—the right to testify in courts for its protection and his own—and place crime and police regulations upon a common principle of legislation. We cannot have distinctions of class in crimes—all violators of law must stand equal before the law, and our legislature control the policy of interest by general laws adapted to preserve the peace and order of society against all rogues and vagabonds of every class and color. This

principle of public policy will save us from negro suffrage; and this last dogma we must resist; for the negro, though free, must be an inferior in the privileges of citizenship. The Government of the United States is a white man's government; and while, under the benignity of its laws, industry and persons and property will be protected, we cannot consent to lower the standard of our civilization; we must teach the freedman his duty, as well as proclaim his rights; his responsibilities must be made known to him, and the follies which have entered his brain with his new-born freedom must be driven out. We must be just to the whites as well as to the blacks; and fanaticism on this subject will only lead to trouble, flattering the negro into a position of folly that will impede the progress and industry of the country."

The judge looks confidently for protection from fanaticism to President Johnson and that "great Union party of the North and West which so fully maintains the equalities of the States and citizens."

Gov. MARVIN, of Florida, in his proclamation for a constitutional convention, is careful to reiterate that negro suffrage will be a legitimate topic of discussion for the body to be chosen on the 10th of October. The only other noteworthy point is, that persons who have gone through the forms of obtaining pardon from the President, will be assumed to have succeeded, even if they have not heard from Washington; that is, the delay will be attributed to the mails. That this procedure is wholly unjustifiable it would be harsh to assert, but any one can see that it is dangerous, and that it may vitiate the most important election of the State, even if the mails reverse the assumptions next day.

It takes a long time to get history written correctly. Everybody must have felt inclined to accept General Sherman's statement in St. Louis, that to General Halleck belonged the credit of pointing out the way to break the rebel line in Kentucky in 1862: "physically, by a perpendicular force—the Tennessee River." General D. C. Buell disputes these laurels, and certainly makes out a very fair case by the telegrams and documents he produces, in order to show that in November, 1861, or about two weeks after he had assumed command in Kentucky, he had sketched a plan of campaign for Kentucky and Tennessee identical with that which was afterwards executed by Halleck and Grant, not excepting the gunboats. When repeated overtures were made to Halleck for assistance, he was too much engrossed with Missouri, and Buell was one day surprised to find Forts Henry and Donelson taken, and his thunder stolen. A letter of General Grant to Assistant-Secretary Dana is published for the first time. He praises General Hunter's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, and says he fails to see "that he has not acted with great promptness and great success."

THE Liverpool merchants who subscribed for a bronze statue of Stonewall Jackson, to be presented to the Confederate State of Virginia, have an elephant on their hands. As the *Richmond Bulletin* innocently remarks, "possibly a prejudice may exist in the minds of the national authorities against General Jackson—a prejudice growing out of the fact that he drew the sword in the late war against the United States;" and therefore they may object to the installation of the statue upon the soil of Virginia. We are happy to believe in the existence and the strength of this prejudice, and that neither "upon its pedestal in the Capitol Square, under the shadow of the immortal Washington," nor "amid the walks of that seat of learning" which bred the future champion of a slaveholders' rebellion, nor yet "above the sacred verdure that grows above his honored grave," will the brazen effigy be suffered to stand, in mockery of the dead from Gettysburg to Petersburg.

THE British Government, giving heed to a protest from Ireland against the importation of cattle to that island from England while the murrain still prevails, has prohibited such importation. The Emancipation Society has published an address announcing its dissolution. Ira Aldridge, the eminent African tragedian, is playing in London, side by side, it is said, with a member of the nobility, Hon. Lewis Wingfield. The failure of the North Atlantic Cable does not dishearten the projectors of another, in continuation of the land telegraph from Paris to Lisbon and Cape St. Vincent. Its course will be

thence to the Canary Islands, along the coast of Morocco; to Cape Verde, along the African coast, with stations at St. Louis, Senegal, and at Goree. The longest link will bind Cape Verde to Cape St. Roque, Brazil, and will be less than half as long as that which was committed to the Great Eastern. Thence the coast will be followed to Cayenne, to which perhaps the chief islands of the West Indies will be anchored before New Orleans is reached. Five years are the allotted time for this enterprise. A French authority, M. Babinet, ridicules the idea of the durability of the English cable, because of the smallness of the wires and the corrosive action of the sea, as learned from the Channel cable when lifted by a fouling anchor. He allows six months for it to last if laid. Meanwhile, we now have the overland telegraph line to California in excellent working order, and the Russian telegraph is nearly 400 miles beyond New Westminster, which lies in latitude 49° N. The fleet which co-operates with it was well advanced at the latest advices. From St. Petersburg we hear of the continuance of incendiary conflagrations throughout the empire, of the most terrible description. No doubt exists that they happen from criminal design, but it is not yet clear who are guilty of this wide-spread and persistent arson. Of course the Poles naturally fall under suspicion.

LORD PALMERSTON, according to a statement that is going the rounds of the journals, recently said, in reply to a friend who told him that he was the oldest Prime Minister England ever had, that Cardinal Henry was prime minister at ninety. We presume that Lord Palmerston said Cardinal Fleury, who was chief French minister at the beginning of 1743, *temp.* Louis XV., dying then in his ninetieth year. But we have a better opinion of Lord Palmerston's historical acquirements than to suppose he would not have corrected any one who should have told him he was the oldest prime minister England ever had, for that country has had one prime minister who was older even than Cardinal Fleury. The Marquis of Winchester, who was born in 1475, in the reign of Edward IV., became Lord High Treasurer in 1549, when Edward VI. was king, and held that office until the 10th of March, 1572, in the fourteenth of Elizabeth, he being ninety-seven years old, or old enough to have been Lord Palmerston's father. Lord Winchester lived in the reigns of eight English monarchs, namely, Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary I., and Elizabeth, and under all the sovereigns of the Tudor line, though Elizabeth survived him thirty-one years. Lord Palmerston has lived in the reigns of George III., George IV., William IV., and Victoria; but he has been in office longer than Lord Winchester, so far as the latter's history is known, as the marquis did not become an historical character until he was fifty-eight, and his first high post he received when he was sixty-three. Lord Palmerston has been in office about fifty years, and in Parliament fifty-nine years. But he has never been in office so high as that held by the Marquis of Winchester, who was Lord High Treasurer, an office which has not been known in England for more than a century and a half. The last person who held it was the famous Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, who received the white staff from the hands of Queen Anne when on her death-bed—the closing act of the Stuart dynasty, which terminated in Anne, being the appointment of an enemy of that dynasty to the highest political post in the realm. The first Hanoverian king put the treasury in commission, and in that state it has ever since remained. At that time, the first Lord Commissioner of the Treasury did not rank so high as a secretary of state; and it was not until some years after the accession of George I. that the first lord came to be considered premier. Lord Palmerston is the oldest prime minister that Great Britain ever has had—Great Britain dating from 1603, when James VI. of Scotland became King of England, and, by consequence, the first admitted British monarch.

A LIVERPOOL judge, Mr. Baron Bramwell, discovered, at the recent assizes in that city, a Quaker in the jury-box, and was horror-struck to see him with his hat on. When his request for its removal was met by a mention of conscientious scruples, he replied that conscience no more compelled the juror to keep his hat on than it did his shoes—which

was true, provided the Quaker's conscience was the same as the judge's. As it was not, however, and as the former persisted in remaining covered "out of reverence for the Almighty," the impatient magistrate ordered him from his seat with a fine of £10, and a threat to summon him next day and repeat the fine if he still indulged in that superfluous possession, a conscience of his own. When the next day came, the judge was only too glad to remit the fine, and to confess by this act that he had been cutting a very foolish figure.

THERE is danger of a cattle epidemic in France, but it comes from across the Pyrenees, and affects only bulls. In plain English, the national sport of Spain is finding favor in France. A bull-fight recently took place in the department of Landes, and now a second is reluctantly recorded by the Paris press in the ancient amphitheatre of Nismes. More than ten thousand spectators, of whom a large proportion were women, sat for five hours enjoying the barbarous spectacle. Five horses were eviscerated, and even in this bloody and revolting plight were spurred the round of the arena by the remorseless picadors. With refined cruelty six bulls were maddened by explosive darts, and finally dispatched with sword-strokes.

THE fête of the French Emperor had its humorous features. Of the actors at Cherbourg and Brest and Portsmouth it is written:

"They put themselves in battle array to offer toasts to the *entente cordiale*. Together they make pilgrimages to the temple of peace, and the gifts that they lay upon the altar are rifled cannon, Armstrong shells, and torpedoes. They stretch forth hands to each other in so droll a manner that at a distance it almost seems like shaking their fists. Understand who will such manifestations. I knew once a boy who, hugging his sister in his arms, exclaimed ecstatically: 'I love you enough to break your teeth.' The tenderness of France and England appears to me to be of the same nature. May it please Heaven that there be no broken teeth!"

Among the nominations to the Legion of Honor was that of the Count de Lagrange, the lucky owner of *Gladiator*, whose victory over his English rivals in a recent race was the occasion of national rejoicing. The cross was more becomingly bestowed by the Empress on the painter of "The Horse Fair." The Imperial beneficence was manifested also by releasing from imprisonment forty-eight old convicts of the citadel at Belle Isle. One of them was asked if he meant to return to his family. "Alas!" he replied, "I have none. Before coming to prison I was an orphan." "Of father and mother both?" "Yes, I had killed them!" A mayor in the department of Vaucluse offered a prize of a hundred francs for the best pyrotechnic display on the 15th of August. A great number of competitors offered their pieces, and the exhibition approached in effectiveness that of the larger cities.

WE alluded last week to the opposition manifested in France to the employment of women in printing offices. The controversy has taken possession of most of the leading newspapers in Paris, including the *Moniteur*. A writer in the *Journal des Débats* exposes pleasantly the reasoning of the sex which would properly be denominated the weaker, if judged by its arguments. These are of the sort which we in this country know by heart, and unhappily accredit too much. That which has, perhaps, most currency, and borrows its greatest weight from prejudice, is thus cleverly turned:

"We know very well what we shall be told: that women ought not to follow industrial callings, and that, if they would return to the household, they would have ease and happiness assured them. Meanwhile, a morsel of bread is refused them. And, really, is it the fault of the women if their salary is too often a necessary, indispensable supplement in a laboring family? Have they all, moreover, a home? Unhappy workwomen! they have everything against them—the vices of those they espouse, as well as of those who do not marry; and, when they wish to be self-supporting, the cry is raised: 'Work is unbecoming in you. Do better: go marry, become mothers! In the family you have a noble sphere!' Admirable language, which I hope, indeed, may one day be true for the great majority of women; but which, at this moment, unfortunately recalls the remonstrances of the school-master in the story with the poor boy who was drowning and shouted for help!"

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

WILL THE FREED NEGRO RACE AT THE SOUTH DIE OUT?

"Now that the negroes will be no longer cared for and protected by their masters, they will soon die out before civilization and competition, just as the Indians have." Such, in substance, is the prediction which for the last two months has been so generally in the mouth of the whites of the South, and which has found its way into almost every letter from that quarter of the country. It has chimed in with the prejudices and preconceptions of a large class at the North, and has gone quite the round of the press, unchallenged even where it ought to have been summarily arrested and condemned. The origin and prevalence of this opinion at the South are readily accounted for. The mortality among the blacks has been lately quite striking. The pater-nity of the thought, also, it is not difficult to trace to the wish, and to the father's partial eyes no flaw is ever seen in the child. If the emancipation of the negro is destined to result only in his extinction, "the sacred institution" is justified in its name, and its overthrow is not a blessing but a curse. The extinction of the race would cut the Gordian knot of the negro problem. With some it is the solacing grumble in which they vent their feelings as they yield to the inevitable necessity of emancipation; with others, we fear, from acts that have lately been reported, the origin of the prediction was not merely a devout wish to behold that particular consummation, but also a determined purpose to help it on themselves. The prophecy, it is evident, will be of use in the future to explain and justify the desired result as a natural one, whatever means have been actually employed to bring it about.

But we must resort to other reasons to explain the belief in the coming doom of the negro which is held by such patriots as Gov. Brownlow, for example. The same prediction has been expressed, also, in a place whence it derives, perhaps, a kind of official authority, and where it may call for examination, as the assertion of private persons would not, viz., in the Census Report of the United States for 1860. We therefore beg attention to a few facts and considerations which would be, perhaps, dry and uninteresting did they not bear upon a question involving the fate of a numerous race and the great acts of our national Government in the last three years.

The question is, Is there any sufficient reason for believing that the negro race will, as is the prevalent supposition, inevitably die out, now that it has been freed? There has, indeed, been an unprecedented mortality among the negroes during the last nine months. But this has been owing to temporary causes, to the hardships and exposure to disease which the negroes have suffered in following our armies, and in the quarters of the large cities where they have congregated to escape from their old masters, and gain the protection of the Union garrisons; to the disturbance in their habits which the change in their condition has effected, and to the general destitution and suffering which the ravages of war have caused for a time in the South. Similar causes have produced a great mortality among the white population, also, of the South, as well among those who have not been on battle-fields and in camps, as among those that have. When society is again settled, this exceptional mortality will cease with the cessation of its exceptional causes. When the blacks have had their jubilee and holiday, the industrial instinct which the laboring habits of generations have created within them will re-assert itself, and unite with necessity and the demand for their services which the revival of trade and industry in the South will evoke, in sending them to self-sustaining work. Certainly, the experience of the British West Indies in the thirty years since emancipation took place; the experience of Port Royal and the neighboring islands in the last two years; the experience which we had in our free colored population before the war, among whom there was rarely to be found a beggar or a recipient of public charity, proves that the negroes are always willing to work

when they can get fair treatment and regular pay, and that they are both able and willing to support themselves if they are given any approach to a fair chance of doing so.

But, "Lo! the poor Indian"—in his past see the future of the negro," our prophets cry. "The contact of a more civilized with a less civilized race is inevitably fatal to the latter," they say with an assured air, as if they were quoting a settled scientific and ethnological law. If such is the general rule, it is a rule that has altogether too many exceptions to admit of its being accepted as absolute or of conclusive force as an argument. The contact of races of diverse character and origin, and of different grades of civilization, is by no means necessarily fatal to either. They may unite together, as the Celtic and Teutonic nations with the Romans, or as the Greeks and the Turks; or they may live side by side for centuries, each filling their separate place in the state, as the light Caucasian Hindoos and the black Turanian tribes in Hindostan. The rude Saxon peasants and burghers not only held out against the supremacy and oppression of the polished Norman lords, against knightly skill and strength, and priestly and legal learning, but eventually, by force of industry and commercial enterprise, regained ascendancy. And where the conflict of races has been ended only by the elimination of one of the antagonistic elements, as many instances, we think, might be adduced where the rugged vigor of the lower race has trampled the higher civilized under foot and out of existence, as where the lower has melted away before the skill and intellect of civilization.

The license of semi-civilized life has often sapped the morale and vital power of cultivated races, as well as the vices of civilized life consumed the savage. In Malacca and Eastern Africa the Portuguese have become more degraded than the natives among whom they live, and whom they once held as conquered subjects. The same phenomenon is exhibited by the Arabs in Nubia. In South America the Spanish and Portuguese conquerors are dwindling away, and seem destined to yield the predominance to the mixed races.

The appeal to the fate of the Indian is a good illustration of the attractions which historical analogies have as arguments, and the readiness with which they are accepted as trusted evidence, in spite of their well known liability to fail in holding good. The fact that history is proverbially our teacher and guide as respects the future, gives an immediate authority to whatever lesson is assumed to be drawn from it, just as the holiness of a mediæval sanctuary afforded protection and even an odor of sanctity to the rascality of all who could get within its walls. For what particular reasons, and in what particular ways, has the contact of the Indian and the white race been fatal to the Indian? Because, as a little reflection will tell every one, the Indian will not be coaxed, and cannot be forced, for any length of time, to steady labor and the peaceful pursuits of civilized life; because he had rather perish than give up his savage independence; because of his defiant pride and passionate vindictiveness, and the incessant hostilities that have been the result of these qualities; because, in too great part, we fear, of the merciless covetousness and hatred of our own race; and, lastly, because all the good tendencies of his nature and those of civilized life are antagonistic, and only in vice does he easily assimilate himself to its members. It has never been found possible to make a useful slave of the Indian. The attempt was made in the West Indies and failed; and the importation of negro slaves was then first commenced, precisely because it was found impossible to make a slave of the Indian. The negro and the Indian are, perhaps, more opposite in character than any two other races on the earth. The qualities of which the Indian is destitute, and the lack of which unfits him for civilization—docility, patience under injury, respect for superiors, desire of the praise of others, local attachments, aptitude for steady pursuits—the negro possesses in a high degree. It was these virtues that made his long enslavement possible, and they naturally fit him for a place in civilized society. The vice of intemperance, which has made such havoc among the Indians, has never been prevalent in the African race.

The capability of the negro to bear hardships is much greater than that of the Indian. Of the causes, then, that worked the destruction of the Indian, there is only one that is liable to act on the negro, and that is, the excessive and undeserved hatred and cruelty of his white superior. Will those who prophesy a coming fate for the negro similar

to that of the Indian, admit that this cause will produce it? There is, at least, no natural cause, no cause arising from the character of the negro or from the natural workings of the contact and competition of the two races, that affords reason to expect for the negro, now that he is freed, a similar fate to that which is overtaking the Indian.

We cannot reason from the history of the Indian to the probable history of the negro, because of the opposition in character and situation between the two. But if it is possible to draw any trustworthy lesson from the past to guide us in conjecturing the future of the African race, surely we can do so from the history of that part of the same race which formerly was in possession of the same freedom whose effect on the rest of the race it is prophesied will be so fatal. Was our old free colored population, in its lack of the care and protection of masters, dying out before the competition and civilization of the whites by whom they were surrounded, or were they flourishing and augmenting at a fair rate of increase? The official census reports give the increase of the free colored population of the United States since 1800, as follows:

In 1800.....	82.28 per cent.	In 1840.....	30.87 per cent.
1810.....	72.00 "	1850.....	12.46 "
1820.....	25.23 "	1860.....	12.32 "
1830.....	36.87 "		

The average of these per-centages is 37.43, and the lowest 12.32. But this increase, it may be said, is in great part artificial, caused merely by the number of slaves who have been manumitted or escaped from their masters. Let us see to what extent the lowest rate of increase, that, namely, during the last ten years, will be reduced by separating these artificial elements from the natural increase or the gain of births over deaths. The number of slaves manumitted in the last ten years is estimated, in the Census Report of 1860, at 20,000. From the data which are there given about fugitive slaves, 8,000 may be considered a large estimate for the number of those fugitives who were either numbered among the free colored population or escaped to Canada. The actual increase of 58,521 from 1850 to 1860, given by the Census Report, must, then, be diminished by about 28,000. But, on the other hand, this is nearly balanced by the addition that must be made for the number removed from the country by the Colonization Society and by the number who have been removed to Canada during the last ten years. The former number is about 5,000. The latter number cannot be estimated at less than 15,000; for by the Parliamentary return for 1851 the colored inhabitants of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were only 5,968; in Upper and Lower Canada they amounted in the same year to about 9,000, making about 15,000 in all; while, by an official return for 1862, printed by order of the House of Commons, there was then in the same provinces a colored population of 34,257. The natural increase, then, of our free colored population between 1850 and 1860 is about 8,000 less than the gross increase of 58,521 given by the Census Report—that is, it is an increase of 45,521 on a population in 1850 of 434,449, or an increase of 10.5 per cent. This per cent. of increase may seem low when compared with that of the white or former slave population of this country. The increase of the white population between 1850 and 1860 is given by the Census Report as 37.97 per cent., and the increase of the slave population as 23.39 per cent. Corrected, however, for the 2,200,000 immigrants that have swelled the increase of the white population and for the 28,000 manumitted and fugitive slaves, by whom that of the slave population has been diminished, the natural increase of the white and slave population during the last decade was 26.6 and 24.4 per cent. respectively; each of which is more than double the increase per cent. among the free colored. But when we compare the increase among the free colored in the last decennial period, not with the exceptional increase of population in this country, but with the movement of European populations, it will appear to be a very fair rate of increase. The increase of England and Wales in the last ten years, with the number of those who emigrated from the country added to the increase in the country, was 13.5 per cent. The increase in Scotland, corrected as before for emigration, was only about 9 per cent. The actual increase in France in the same period is only 3.77 per cent., and even when the increase in the country is augmented by the number of immigrants, the total increase will amount to little more than 4 per cent. The increase of the German Confederation, corrected for the

emigration to America, is only a fraction over 6 per cent. That of Austria is 7.40 per cent.; that of Prussia, about 13 per cent.; that of Russia, 9.80; that of Belgium, 7.6. The average of Italy for the last three-quarters of a century is only 9.50 per cent. for each decade; while the increase of the population of the five great European powers taken together, during the last decennial period, is barely above 9 per cent. Yet no serious apprehensions, we imagine, are felt that the population of any of these European states is dying out.

It perhaps may be said that though the increase of the free colored population has not yet fallen below that of European countries, the rapid diminution of the rate of increase which that class has exhibited, would soon have changed the per cent. from the side of gain to that of loss, and points plainly to an ultimate and not far distant extinction of the race. But a similar constant decline in the rate of increase is shown by our white population, by England, and by several other European countries. The rate of natural increase of the white population of this country has declined by a steady decrease of between one and two per cent. from 33.9 in 1800 to 29.8 in 1840 (vide Census Report for 1860, p. xl.) and to 26.6 in 1860. The rate of increase in England for the last forty years has been about one per cent. less every decennial period. In the last decennial period, the rate of natural increase diminished about two per cent. In Austria the rate of increase has diminished fourteen per cent. in all in the last four decades. If we could disengage the natural rate of increase of our free colored population from the other circumstances that formerly gave the reported increase a factitious magnitude, it would be found, we think, that the diminution in the rate has not been so excessive as to justify any serious apprehensions. In the first part of the present century, the emancipation acts of many Northern States increased the number of the free colored by thousands; and that number was augmented in a much greater proportion than it has ever been since by manumission, for then slavery was regarded as an institution not sacred, but destined soon to die out, and manumission was an act not frowned upon by society and made almost impossible by legal impediments, but encouraged and admired, and the freeing of all the slaves on an estate upon the death of the master was a common occurrence. It is noticeable, moreover, that in the last twenty years the rate of increase has altered scarcely at all; the rate between 1850 and 1860 being only a tenth of one per cent. less than the rate of increase in the ten years previous.

In the Census Report of 1860 the slow increase in the free colored population of the Northern States is maintained to be due in great part to "their indifference as a class to virtuous moral restraint," a fact which is shown beyond all doubt by the presence of the large proportion of 36.22 per cent. of mulattoes among the whole free colored population. "This development of the Census," it is said furthermore, "indicates with unerring certainty the gradual extinction of the race, in proportion as, whether free or slave, they become more diffused among the dominant race," as they will be, it is added below, by the extinction of slavery. This mischievous cause and the fatal result which "with these lights before us we need not look forward to centuries to develop," are expatiated on at length. But when we turn to the tables that give the proportion of the mulattoes to the total free colored population, which are the luminaries that we are told will reveal these shadows of coming events, we find a set of facts which can only be made to point to these conclusions by very ingenious twisting.

We find that the proportion of the mulattoes to the total free colored population throughout the United States has diminished, instead of increased, in the last decennial period. In the Northern States, it is true, the proportion of the mulattoes to the whole free colored population of those States in 1860 is 2 per cent. more than in 1850. But such a small gain in ten years is totally inadequate to account for the 30 per cent. of mulattoes among the free colored population of the Northern States; and in the Southern States, where the proportion of mulattoes among the free colored is 40.77 per cent., the proportion diminished 2.18 per cent. If the great proportion of mulattoes among our free colored population is due to "an unfavorable moral condition among them" at any time, the diminution of the proportion of mulattoes since 1850 shows that this condition has ceased to exist in any but a very trifling degree; and the fact, which is exhibited by these same tables, that the proportion of the mulattoes among the slaves increased

over 3 per cent. in the last decennial period, shows that this "unfavorable moral condition" is certainly amended by the transition of the race from slavery to freedom. The simple explanation of the great proportion of the mulattoes among the free colored is that, from the superior intelligence and spirit of the mulattoes, from their more generally holding the position of house-servants, and sometimes from peculiar relations to their masters, a much greater proportion of them have gained manumission or made their escape from slavery.

The slow increase of our free colored population in the last few decades—slow, that is, in comparison with the rapid rate of the rest of our population—is due to their anomalous condition as a small body of former slaves, or the descendants, more or less removed, of slaves—to the legal disabilities, social persecutions, physical hardships, and frequent personal violence to which the influence of slavery and the slave power exposed them; and, especially, to the great mortality resulting among them from the incongenial climate of the Northern States in which large numbers had to take refuge. In the Report of a Commission appointed by the Secretary of War in 1863 on the condition of the Freedmen, a table of deaths in six Northern and five Southern cities is given, which shows that the mortality in Northern cities is much greater among the colored than among the whites, while in Southern cities the average is about the same. The fact that the falling off of the rate of increase immediately followed that period (about 1830) when the change in public feeling toward the negro took place, is significant of the true causes of the lessening of the increase. Two other causes which contributed, though in a less degree, to the same result may be mentioned. A disproportionate part of the free colored were beyond the productive age, the reason of which was probably the preference shown to the aged slaves in manumission—a reason which also explains the otherwise strange contradiction that while the mortality among the free colored was much greater than among the whites, the average length of life among the free colored was also greater. The temporary accession of this class made the increase of the permanent body of the free colored seem less. There was also an injurious inequality between the sexes. The announcement of Gov. Andrew some little while ago that there was an excess of 40,000 females in the State of Massachusetts excited considerable attention. In the free colored population of the Southern States, in 1860, the excess of females was even greater in proportion to the whole body. It amounted to 12,000 in a population of only 260,000, or 13 women to 12 men. This circumstance also contributed to retard the increase of the free colored class. That in spite of all these adverse circumstances our old free colored population before the war not only sustained itself against the competition of the white race by which it was surrounded, but steadily augmented by natural increase at a rate, at its lowest, greater than the average of the five great European powers, proves, as conclusively as anything can be proved in regard to the future, that the rest of the race in the South, now that it also has been freed, is not destined to become extinct from any natural decrease or any ordinary adversity of circumstances, and affords us good augury of its future progress in the congenial climate of the South, relieved from most of those anomalous obstructions which checked the growth of our old free colored population.

At a recent meeting of the London Anthropological Society, men of scientific aspirations, as we remarked in a former article, gravely announced that in their opinion the white race in America is degenerating and will probably become extinct. The realization of this absurd prediction is only a little less improbable than the realization, from natural causes, of the prediction which we have been discussing. We do not expect that the blacks at the South, with the responsibilities of freemen which they will now have, will increase as rapidly as when they were slaves. But the extinction of the race can be argued only on the supposition of the exercise of excessive oppression and cruelty towards them by the whites. Their own hearts will tell the people of the South whether that supposition is a calumny on their justice and charity and Christianity, or not. We, for our part, will not yet entertain the supposition; but we would have the friends of the freedmen aware of their natural capabilities and natural prospects; we would have those, if there are any such, who are inclined to use the prophecy

of the natural dying out of the freed negro race at the South, as an excuse for doing what they can to bring that result about, know that the pretext will not avail them; and we would have the country know to what cause that result, if it does take place, will have to be assigned.

A LOFTY ENTERPRISE.

THE question which perplexed the alumni of Harvard College in regard to the proper sort of memorial for their brethren who fell in the sweet service of liberty, is also debated by the country at large, for the Republic is not ungrateful. Cemeteries and monuments for the dead, pensions and hospital-homes for the disabled survivors, are but a partial recognition of the heroism of the battle-field. Something more, it is felt, is wanted for both these classes, and for that large number who, at the close of hostilities, are happily neither the objects of mourning nor of compassion and charity. Posterity will not be satisfied with brief and perhaps illegible inscriptions, nor content, amid the veterans of some American Greenwich or Chelsea, "to glean," as the author of "The Biglow Papers" remarks, "the materials of revolutionary history from the lips of aged persons who took a part in the actual making of it, and, finding the manufacture profitable, continued the supply in an adequate proportion to the demand."

We have welcomed, accordingly, the quite numerous volumes of regimental histories, which, published when the record of the war was still unfinished, are likely to be followed by others lacking nothing of completeness. Personal diaries, too; the tales of individual suffering, captivity, and escape; the narratives of campaigns, battles, sieges, and marches; and the collections of private letters, have a value not easily reckoned in affording an accurate picture of the epoch from which we are emerging. A few weeks since, we noted the effort of the Congregational churches at the West to obtain the fullest statistics concerning their preachers and members who had participated in the conflict of arms. Still more recently we published the advertisement of the Christian Commission, which designs embodying with a history of its own origin and work "reminiscences, facts, and incidents that will illustrate its spirit and method, at home and in the field." We shall hope for a similar chapter in the report of the Sanitary Commission. A New Hampshire photographer, we believe, has grouped on a single card the portraits of his townsmen who perished in the war. Latest of all, our attention has been directed to "The Soldiers' Memorial Society" of Boston, organized, as its constitution tells us, to preserve the grateful memory of the soldiers of Massachusetts. Its plan is contained in the following articles:

"It will collect such narratives and other memorials of their heroism as may be obtained for the use of the historian or student. And it will hold itself ready to assist in any work of benevolence in those regions which were the seat of war, which may fitly show there that in the work of war our soldiers were engaged in the highest work of humanity and justice. Our monuments to our brothers who have served the country shall be in the hospitals, schools, and other beneficent institutions to which we can contribute in the regions where they fought for us.

"The Memorial Committee shall collect such personal memoranda of those who have been in the army as may be accessible, attempting as full a collection as possible of those personal incidents which are most apt to die out from written history. From time to time they shall have charge of such publications as the whole Board may direct."

The remarkable feature of this undertaking is evidently not its historical scope and endeavor, laudable as these are, but the practical, living work which binds up wounds that were reluctantly inflicted, and repairs the places laid waste by a hard necessity—which enters, indeed, at the jagged and blood-stained breach, but comes to scatter unfamiliar blessings even upon heads not yet prepared to receive them thankfully. It resembles the pure air and the sunlight that flood the chasm of the murderous shell, bringing health and strength to the sickly dwarfs that bred in the shadow of a mighty barbarism. We know very well that the motives of the noble-hearted men and women of Boston who thus publish their intentions to the world are likely to be abundantly misconstrued. The names of those who have lost their dearest relations in the grapple with rebellion will not shield the movement from imputations of impertinence and officiousness. If this time the negro is left to his legion of new-found friends, and a

helping hand stretched out to the crushed and ignorant whites scarce rid of the grime of a hostile camp, this cannot be called abolition sentimentality, but it will probably be regarded as more an evidence of repentance than of Christian magnanimity and brotherly love. For all that, the work will go on. What Massachusetts begins she is apt to carry through. The schoolmaster has been abroad ever since she first sent him out, and his travels have as yet no visible end. He balances now his satchel with his wallet, feeds the hungry while instructing the unlearned, plants a school-house here and a saw-mill there, drains the swamp and clears the forest, bores the tunnel and sinks the shaft; and, amid the clatter of plates and the whirring of machinery, the echoes of the axe, the anvil-chorus of drills, and the myriad notes of industry, his voice is ever heard repeating—it may be somewhat nasally—the A, B, C, out of which are spelt *law*, *liberty*, and *labor*, and in which, ere long, not even the wayfaring man at the South shall err. Meanwhile let us commend most cordially the example of Massachusetts to her sister States. Let them contribute their portion to the memory of our defenders, the history of the grandest spectacle of the ages, and the pressing task of reconstruction.

CORPORATIONS AND THE PEOPLE.

THE frantic talk about hanging presidents and directors of railroads with which the newspapers have been filled for some weeks past, though perhaps excusable, is not very complimentary to the public. Not one of their readers has the least expectation that anybody will be hanged, or that, if anybody was hanged, it would render railroad travelling more secure for any great length of time. And the moral reflections on the guilt of railroad officials which have been submitted to the world in such quantities, creditable as they may be to the writers, and deeply as the offenders may be impressed by them, are in reality for all practical purposes utterly worthless. The causes of the shocking slaughters which have taken place during the last year or two on our railroads are not to be found in individual depravity, but in the nature of the system under which the great lines of communication are kept up.

A reckless indifference to the safety of the passengers is, of course, the worst fault of our railroad companies, but it is by no means the only one. Their indifference to their health and comfort is just as marked. We have the worst and roughest tracks, the most uncomfortable, dirtiest, worst ventilated cars, the most unpunctual trains, most uncivil officials, the most inconvenient, filthy stations, and the worst supplied and worst served refreshment rooms, of all civilized countries. And it follows, as a corollary from all this, that in no country are railroad passengers killed and maimed with so much impunity and in such numbers.

It is all nonsense to tell us the railroads are as good as the community can afford. Except on the extreme Western frontier, or in some of the more sparsely settled districts of the South, we assert, unhesitatingly, that there is no country in which the passenger traffic on railroads is nearly as great, or in which the people are half as well able to pay for safety, comfort, and speed. The Irish railroads run faster, have better cars, better stations, better tracks, and pay larger dividends than ours, and they are dependent on the poorest population in Europe for support. Our cars are cattle-pens compared to those of the Swiss lines, and as to safety, we doubt if these kill or maim one person for our ten, and yet they are maintained by a society whose structure is just like our own, and whose surplus wealth it would be ridiculous to compare with ours.

The trouble with our railroads is not in the greater recklessness of our presidents, conductors, or engine-drivers. They are as humane, as considerate, and as conscientious as those of any other country, and as are the average of other men in this. Very likely their democratic education has supplied them with less strict notions of subordination and responsibility than those in which most men in aristocratic countries are bred. But they are not specially depraved or inhuman. The ultimate causes of the abuses under which we are groaning are, in our opinion, to be found in the fact that corporations have acquired in the United States a degree of power and exemption from control to which they have nowhere else been as yet able to attain. Such concentrations

of wealth and power in the hands of a few persons not sovereign, have not been witnessed in modern times since the overthrow of the feudal barons. They are the direct result of the growth of commerce. No such phenomena were foreseen in the last century. Down almost to our day, the only dangers to republican liberty which jurists or political philosophers feared were those which were likely to arise from the predominance of individuals, causing a tendency either to monarchy or aristocracy. Nothing, or next to nothing, was known in even the last century of the possible results or possible power of great combinations of individuals for commercial purposes. The only bodies of the kind with which our fathers were familiar were the Dutch and English East India Companies, but their immense strength was concealed from the popular gaze by the fact that their operations were carried on in foreign countries.

The objections to an aristocracy, or even to the concentration of great wealth in the hands of particular families, which we all feel, and which have been recognized in the legislation of nearly every State in the Union, is that it is apt to create a power too great to be controlled by the law, and thus liable to be used for the detriment of the rest of the community. Now our great railroad and other corporations have assumed a character and occupy a position amongst us which are in almost all respects, politically considered, similar to those of a bad and very unscrupulous aristocracy. In fact, these corporations are worse, and contain more dangers to the country than any aristocracy which has as yet been seen in the modern world; for they are armed with monopolies, and owing to their impersonality are indifferent to public opinion, to a degree of which no duke or marquis would be capable, owing to the fact that he must always be a man amongst men.

Ask any jurist, or, in fact, any intelligent man amongst us, on what ground we forbid entails, or the establishment amongst us of orders of nobility, and he will tell you that we fear the growth of a body of persons whose wealth, and the social weight it gave them, would enable them to control legislation, to influence elections for their own benefit, and to defy or divert the action of the courts of justice. And yet there is not one of these apprehensions which we do not see realized in the position of any of our great railroad companies. The New York Central, for instance, through its president, notoriously controls more votes, and is just as unscrupulous in the use it makes of them as a duke owning a whole county could possibly be. It can, we venture to say, do more to defeat a bill, or get a bill passed in the legislature, than any nobleman could ever do; and there is no question that a private person might bring a suit against the Duke of Northumberland or Prince Metternich with a far better prospect of having justice done him, than if he sued an American railroad company in possession of a long and successful line. In fact, there is nobody who is familiar with the relations of these bodies to the legislatures or the courts, who does not know that their influence is most corrupting and pernicious, and daily increasing; that individuals are every year more powerless against them; and yet the whole system of corporations is but in its infancy. What it has yet become gives but a faint idea of what it yet may be. In New York City the Avenue railroad companies already set the municipal authorities at defiance, defeat regularly every year in the legislature every bill for the improvement of the city which seems likely to diminish their profits, and conduct their business with an indifference to public comfort and decency which no individual would dare to exhibit.

In the case of railroad companies, all these evils are aggravated by the fact that a monopoly of one of our first and most pressing necessities—the means of conveyance over our great lines of communication—has been bestowed on them almost without conditions or restrictions. Railroads are in this country really the great public high-roads. The ordinary roads have become simply what the French call *chemins de traverse*. The full gravity and importance of such a concession as this was not perceived when it was first made. The only thing thought of then was getting the roads made; the full consequences of letting them pass into the exclusive control of trading companies were not foreseen. In France and Prussia, the power was reserved by the state of resuming possession of them after a term of years, and in England Mr. Gladstone has in contemplation a plan which will enable the Govern-

ment to buy out all the existing railroad companies at a fixed rate, and work the lines for its own benefit. The evils from which we are suffering here are already abundantly manifest in England, but, owing to the difference in the nature of the government, they are much less serious in their results. The public there, as here, exercises little or no control over the national high-roads. Small bands of traders hold a monopoly of one of the first necessities of life. There, as here, competition has ceased to afford any help in securing comfort, safety, or punctuality, because the nature of the case does not admit of it. There, as here, there is no substitute for competition; and there, as here, the only legal remedy for outrage, or inconvenience, or injury—the action for damages—is all but worthless, owing to the reluctance which individuals must always feel about engaging in suits against powerful and wealthy organizations which hire lawyers by the year. Small as the amount of attention may be which this subject has already excited, there are not many others connected with our social and political condition of greater importance. A few far-seeing observers, like Mr. George P. Marsh, have already called attention to it. Dr. Draper has, we believe, touched upon it in his last work. The day is not far distant when it will have to be taken up by the country and settled.

How it ought to be settled, we are not now prepared to say positively. But it is certain that some means must be devised of giving the people, through the Government, greater control over trading corporations, and preventing the acquisition by them of monopolies injurious to the public comfort and safety, and of political influence dangerous to political liberty. So far from handing the post-office over to express companies, as the *Tribune* has so often proposed, we believe the excesses of the railroad and other companies will eventually bring the people to lay aside that extraordinary fear of the Government, as a sort of enemy of individuals, which we have inherited from our European ancestors, and to regard it as what it really is, or ought to be, in every highly civilized community, the organized co-operation of all for the benefit of each. As long as the united force of the community—immense as it is, and as we see it to be at such crises as the late war—is confined to simply furnishing protection from ordinary fraud and violence, progress must be slower than it need be. There could hardly be a more striking illustration of the horrible way in which the world has been governed than the dread which still lingers in America, which has never known anything of despotism or feudal lords, of seeing the state make any active effort for the promotion of public comfort, safety, or happiness.

GENERAL LEE AS AN INSTRUCTOR OF YOUTH.

GENERAL LEE has been elected president or rector of Lexington College, and the event has called forth an elaborate eulogium on him from more than one Democratic organ. They declare, having of course an eye to the impending election, that he was undoubtedly guilty of an error of judgment in taking the Southern side in the late war; but that, nevertheless, his character is of such a high order that his influence on young men cannot but be good. Calhoun's intellectual subtlety, we are told, led the youth of the South astray; Lee's moral elevation and purity are to bring this generation back to the "flowery meads of virtue."

This is all very fine and very affecting, or rather would be if there were any truth in it. We shall not enquire whether, if a man commits a crime, the whole responsibility of it can ever be saddled upon his intellect, leaving his heart as innocent as an infant's. It may be possible on a pinch to draw such distinctions successfully; but in this case no such distinction is necessary. General Lee has saved the public all labor on this point by writing, when the war was on the eve of breaking out, a letter to his sister, in which he solemnly declared his conviction that the secession movement was unnecessary and unwise, and that he looked on it with at least regret. He thus showed that his judgment on the right and wrong of the matter was perfectly sound. Intellectually, he made no mistake as to the character of the revolution. He decided deliberately at the outset that it was uncalled for, which was simply, according to all moralists, another mode of pronouncing it a crime. He nevertheless joined it, became its leading agent, and devoted head, soul, and body to its service for the next four years. In other

words, he made himself the instrument of slaughter and devastation, for which there did not exist in his own mind a single reason, except the will of the majority of his neighbors. That the majority have decided upon entering on a causeless war may seem to a good man a sufficient reason for his not adhering to their enemies, or for not offering any violent opposition to them at home; but no man of the highest character could see in it a reason for lending them all the aid in his power. And yet this Lee did. He had not a single argument to justify the battle of Gettysburg. All he knew was that the Virginia Convention had determined to secede; but this, according to his own confession, was no moral justification whatever. His intellect worked perfectly well about the whole matter. It was his heart that went astray. He committed butchery, knowing it to be butchery—but not for the purpose of avoiding greater evils than butchery.

It may be said that his soldier's notion of duty and allegiance may have led him to overlook the claims of abstract moral right, as it constantly does military men in other countries. But if he was affected by this consideration, it must have bound him to the United States. It was to the Federal flag that he owed military allegiance; it was to it he had sworn fidelity as a soldier; and in so far as his military conscience worked upon him, it must have worked upon him in favor of the Union. But he was evidently not influenced by it in the least. He threw off his uniform, violated his oath, and armed himself against the Government which had educated him, and which was the only one he had ever served, on the call of one which had just sprung into existence, and of which he had until that moment known nothing whatever. The talk of his having only "served his State," and of his determination never to leave it, is of very little value. He obeyed the orders of a chief chosen by the whole Confederacy, and was throughout the war the servant of every State in the South just as much as of Virginia.

We do not say all this for the purpose of showing that there is nothing good in Lee. There has been a great deal of rant talked about the "moral guilt of the rebels," as if the fact of a man's defending a bad cause on the battle-field proved his total depravity. We have seen innumerable attempts to argue people's readiness to rob and murder in private life from the fact of their having served in the Confederate ranks, all of which of course makes little impression on anybody accustomed to reason. Other people's silver spoons are no doubt perfectly safe in General Lee's custody, and his honesty, in the ordinary sense of the term, is unimpeachable. Amongst what are called "men of honor" in most parts of the world, he is probably considered to-day a very honorable man, and we have no doubt he thinks he is himself, and thinks so sincerely. The processes by which a man justifies his conduct in his own eyes will not always bear revelation or explanation, and if put on paper for the inspection of calm and impartial observers, would often wear a very queer look, when the man himself is perfectly satisfied.

But we protest against the notion that he is a good instructor for youth, or that he is fit to be put at the head of a college in a country situated as Virginia is. A man who can do what he has done, take arms for a cause which nothing but his intellectual approval could justify his serving, but which his intellect condemned, is hardly a fit person either to train or to "influence" young men. No amount of good talk now or hereafter about "the duty of the citizen towards the general Government" will ever do away with the effect of his example. No obligations can possibly be devised that will bind the young men of Virginia to the United States half so strongly as those which he deliberately and traitorously disregarded. No crime against society to which faction or sophistry or passion can tempt, will ever equal that to the commission of which he has devoted the last four years of his life. Unless his first appearance in the college is marked by a frank and hearty act of repentance, the influence of his character, on which his votaries now rely to fit him for his position, must be bad, and only bad. The expectation that he can undo the work of Calhoun is absurd. Calhoun was at least honest and consistent, and the good or evil which honest and consistent men work can never be effaced by weak men like Lee, who see the right, and go snivelling and weeping after the wrong.

THE RULES OF EVIDENCE IN ALABAMA.

THE state of things in Alabama is singular. The local law forbids the reception of negro testimony in any cause to which a white man is a party, and the courts accordingly refuse to receive it. But the Freedmen's Bureau, with the approval of the President, has decided that wherever negro testimony is not received in the courts, all causes to which negroes are parties shall be heard before the Assistant Commissioner, and decided by him on his own responsibility.

General Swayne, unwilling to withdraw so large a portion of the population from the jurisdiction of the local courts, has issued an order making the judicial officers and magistrates of the State "Assistant Commissioners," with power to adjudicate as such in all cases between white and negro, if they choose to observe the rules of the Bureau in the matter of testimony. He adds, however:

"Failure to signify acceptance, or evident denial of justice, will be followed by revocation of the appointment herein conferred, and the substitution of martial law in the district where it shall occur."

Governor Parsons has thereupon issued a proclamation, advising all judicial officers of the State to accept the appointment offered by General Swayne, "and in good faith to do justice, and observe the instructions contained in General Swayne's order." He says:

"The only question for us is, shall it be received in courts whose judges and magistrates and jurors are our own citizens, who are acquainted with the habits and character of the negro, where the proceedings are governed by well settled rules of law and evidence, and where, if either party is dissatisfied with the decision, he has the right of appeal, or in courts composed of 'persons foreign to her citizenship and strangers to her laws,' where there is no fixed rule to govern the proceedings, and no right to appeal to correct an error if one is committed? There can be no doubt in the mind of any thoughtful citizen as to which is the best course. It is apparent from the foregoing that unless the magistrates and judges appointed under the Provisional Government accept the appointment conferred by General Swayne, martial law will be substituted and military courts established, which will hear and determine all complaints in which the rights of the negroes are involved between themselves, or with the whites, and negro evidence will be received."

The confusion there is in all this is one of the most singular phenomena of the reconstruction process. If a civil judge sits as an Assistant Commissioner, there is clearly no appeal from his decision, under the State law, to a higher court, and, therefore, the white Alabamian gains nothing in this respect by the judge's conversion into an agent of General Swayne's. Moreover, an Assistant Commissioner is not and cannot be bound by the decisions of the State courts. If there be, as Governor Parsons says, "no fixed rule to govern the proceedings" before an Assistant Commissioner chosen by General Swayne, and no right to appeal to correct an error if one is committed, neither can there be any such rule or right in proceedings before civil judges who sit as Assistant Commissioners. Both will derive their authority from the same source; so that, in point of regularity or security, nothing is gained by the change, as far as the whites are concerned.

As regards the negro, we have no doubt he will be a great loser. Thousands of cases will occur in which, though there may not be such a plain "denial of justice" as to call for General Swayne's intervention, negro evidence will be virtually disregarded. The claim of Southern men to be better fitted than other people to weigh negro testimony is preposterous, and we should be sorry to see it receive any sanction or countenance from the Government or its officers. They are probably worse qualified than any other men in the civilized world, because they all labor under the influence of a foregone conclusion as to his status and capacity, and what influence that conclusion has on their judgments, feelings, and conduct we all know from the history of the rebellion. The whole South rushed into an insane attempt at revolution under the influence of a theory of society which rested on nothing better than an affirmation that a negro's place in the animal kingdom was a long way below that of white men, and only a little way above that of beasts. To ask such men to weigh negro evidence in the same way that other evidence is weighed, is about as reasonable as to ask them to interpret the chattering of apes.

The case is one which clearly calls for mixed courts. If it be deemed advisable, and we think it is, that local judges should as far as possible be made to share in the administration of justice in this tran-

sition period between the inhabitants of the State, they should have, as assessors in all cases to which negroes are parties, appointees of the Bureau, filling the place of the stipendiary magistrates appointed by the home authorities in similar circumstances in the British West Indies. It is a very remarkable and suspicious circumstance that no offer has as yet been made or recommended in any Southern State to make the reception of negro evidence by the State courts obligatory by the State law or constitution. All expressions of opinion on this subject which reach us from high Southern authorities, are strongly hostile to any such change; and whenever it is recommended, as by Governor Parsons, it is as something temporary and exceptional, called for more by the necessity of appeasing the military authorities, than as a permanent change dictated by justice and sound policy.

COUNCILS AND CONVENTIONS.

We are living in a very gregarious time. The possibility of individual exertion, influence, and achievement seems no longer to be so much as dreamed of in our philosophy. The last ball set in motion by anybody solitary and alone was that of Mr. Benton, who fortunately does not live to bewail our all-pervading paper currency. If the Englishman can initiate no public enterprise without a public dinner, the American is equally helpless until he has called a convention. The most important reform must await the passage of a series of resolutions. Truth is never safe except in the keeping of an executive committee. The patriotism which boldly wanders from its native platform is regarded as suspicious and untrustworthy. The cause which has no crowd to sustain it, which is not maintained by broad rumor and made invincible by cunning machinery, will vainly trust to its righteousness for respectability. It may seem an easy matter to manufacture a genuine compound rhubarb pill, which shall be worthy of the confidence of the doctor, and potent against indigestion. But the frightful truth has burst upon a dyspeptic world that the rhubarb of commerce is not to be trusted, and that many a bolus which seems fair to the eye and is honestly bitter to the palate is, nevertheless, a wretched deceiver, which, swallowed in the touching confidence of sickness, is more likely to harrow than to heal. Nothing remained for honest apothecaries but to hold a convention in Boston, and such a convention they have just held, at which eloquence was literally a drug. The wool-growers, too, have gathered together in Philadelphia, and the corn and pork dealers in Chicago. The school-masters and the school-mistresses have discussed in solemn congregation the comparative virtues of different spelling-books and the efficacy of judicious flogging. There have been conventions of carpenters and of beer-brewers, of discharged soldiers and of discontented women, of farmers and of horse-dealers, of teetotallers and of anti-tobaccoists, of Millerites, whose world is just ending, and of freedmen, whose world is just beginning. But these, at least, were not ghastly gatherings, like those synods of dead "Democrats" who, here and there, have crept from their graves into daylight, to rattle their bones in disgust at the aspect of a world so changed since they left it—to proffer their fleshless fingers to the President—to approve this measure and condemn the other—to offer one final screaming protest against the doctrine of human equality—and to strike one last feeble blow at a race only just now rescued from the heel of the oppressor! It is well that such should meet in droves; no individual could well endure the ignominy of ignorance and the shame of stolidity which would be intolerable in the eyes of the world, if many shoulders did not sustain them. Such conventions as these are not novelties, for the first of them was held in the infancy of the world, and in

"— Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers."

It is not necessary that we should point out the power, either in a good or bad cause, of associated action. The moral tagged to the fable of "The Bundle of Sticks" is as sound now as it was in the days of Æsop. There is safety in a multitude of councillors, provided they are wise and not foolish, honest and not knavish. But forty thousand foxes would be no truer than forty, and a legion of asses no wiser than one lonesome donkey. Conventions may be convenient, but the very facility with which they register the edicts of party, and the personal irre-

sponsibility which they secure, make them ready instruments in the hands of designing leaders. It is unpleasant to think that, no matter how shameful may be the platform adopted, no matter what crimes it may censure or extenuate, there will be thousands upon thousands who will crawl down to it, from whatever moral height they may occupy, without coughing. But, closely inspected, the scandal grows greater and more repulsive. Of the five hundred who compose the convention there may be fifty—there may be only five—who manage all the proceedings, who nominate the nominations, and who cut and dry the resolutions in the lobby. The strings are in the hands of these, and, as they pull, the puppets wink, gape, gesticulate, squeak, and gibber. Men who, though weak, are good, or at least not bad, are made to stand sponsors for enormous iniquities and for crimes hardly to be named. He who ventures courageously to protest against all this fatal charlatany is pronounced the flea of the convention, and is unanimously voted a nuisance, a marplot, and a bore. He who thinks for himself interrupts the harmony of the deliberations; he who speaks for himself perils the prosperity of the party; he who consults his conscience, and acts by its direction, is told that he is more nice than wise; and if he will not be swept by the current, he is left high and dry upon the barren shores of political heterodoxy. The consequence is that conventions meet merely to register the conclusions of the caucus; and when there is really an honest difference of opinion which will not be composed by the ordinary methods, there are divisions and secessions, and two conventions instead of one.

We have thus indicated the moral danger attending this important feature of our political system. As we cannot afford altogether to dispense with conventions, which, in themselves, are natural and convenient parts of our public machinery, it is the more necessary to insist upon the duty of the personal conscience, and the dignity of obedience to its dictates. There is no party important or necessary enough to the public safety to hold the mind of a single human being in fee simple. There is no man who will not lose some of the simplicity of his finer instincts by mixing with a mob no better and no wiser than himself. But as political duties must not be avoided, the necessity of finding the golden mean between selfish isolation and a surrender of all personal identity becomes apparent. He will be happy who shall find it. Party may be his helper, but never his master; and while he mixes for the hour with the great mass of his fellow-citizens, he will be guilty of no act calculated to compromise the truth which he loves, or to disturb the serenity of his most private reflections.

Correspondence.

THE SOUTHERN WHITES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Mr. Redpath's account of the "poor whites" of Tennessee in THE NATION (No. 7) recalls my own experience with the same class in a four months' residence in Arkansas, last autumn and winter. He has described them so accurately, that I need do nothing but confirm his description as being equally true of the refugees of Mississippi and Arkansas. I hardly ever found any who could read; hardly ever any children who knew their own age with exactness. The only really bright and intelligent boy I met, about fourteen years old, was just able to spell out words in the "First Reader." A Southern lady, who had had the charge of Sidney Johnston's hospitals in Nashville, told me, that out of some five hundred Arkansians whom she buried there, not more than half a dozen were able to write their names. She, like every other Southerner whom I have talked with, considers these people lower than the plantation negro.

There is a discrimination to be made here, however. If one were asked what characteristic distinguishes these two classes, he would say that the poor whites appear to be totally lacking in vitality, while the blacks have an excess of animal nature; so that there will probably be found more positive viciousness among the negroes, while the "poor whites" are simply "good for nothing." I have never, in this country or Europe, among whites or blacks, seen such specimens of premature old age as in the refugee houses upon the Mississippi—bent, gaunt, colorless girls of fifteen looking (except in the face) like women of fifty. If there were no whites but this class, an observer would certainly call it an effete race, and in truth they are simply

degenerate Anglo-Saxons; while the faults of the negroes (and they are not exaggerated) are those of an undeveloped, semi-barbarous race.

If the doctrine held by many were true, that a degenerated people can never rise again—as I do not believe—there would be little hope but in the dying out of these people, a process which has been going on during the war as rapidly with them as with the blacks. Out of five hundred and ten inmates of the Refugee House in Helena, during a certain period, one hundred and eight died; and I think other places would show an equal rate of mortality. But, in fact, it is not possible to draw any sharp lines between this class and that of the small farmers, in whom there are a great many promising elements of character. We are apt to think that there is nothing between the aristocracy and the "white trash," overlooking the numerous and important class of small planters and farmers. These do not compare unfavorably, on the whole, with our small farmers at the North. They are less intelligent and less thrifty, but are, I believe, in the main, an honest, industrious set of men. They engaged in the war with zeal, but I think have learned that they were really fighting against their own interests, and, at any rate, seem ready to accommodate themselves to the new order of things.

It is common to argue as if slavery had corrupted the Southern whites to such a degree that they could never be depended upon to make good citizens. Morality, as well as patriotism, is said to be destroyed among them. How far this is true I will not undertake to judge, but I think not to the extent that is sometimes taken for granted. That there has been terrible social corruption cannot be denied; so there is in free society, only here it is an excrescence, there it seems to be a natural consequence of the institution of slavery. Still, it seems to me that the actual corrupting power of slavery, apart from the direct relation of master and slave, may be exaggerated. With many the relation itself was as far as possible humane; and I have no doubt that there were some who were not strong enough to resist the temptations of irresponsible power, but who yet, in all other relations and circumstances, were well-meaning and conscientious, just as it has been common to observe that however polished, cultivated, and genial a Southerner may be, touch upon the subject of slavery, and he is no longer a gentleman. All that is needed is, to remove this particular form of temptation out of the way of these people, free them from these inhuman surroundings, and they will be good Christians and good citizens.

Now the practical bearing of these remarks is this: that in order to make these people trustworthy citizens, they must be brought to the conviction that slavery and rebellion are *hopelessly* at an end. So long as there exists in their minds the least shadow of hope that the institution will be revived, they cannot be trusted. I have said, in my former letters, that the people of South Carolina have this conviction, and that they wish to accept its consequences in good faith. Still, I do not doubt that if we were to become involved in war with any foreign power, half the people of that State who have taken the oath, and taken it *in good faith*, would immediately begin to regret it—to ask themselves whether they had not been too hasty—and soon there would follow conspiracies and outbreaks. In the same way, if they should once get the notion that by intriguing with the Democratic party they could get the institution of slavery restored, even under another name, I do not doubt that they would be ready to do it. Just so long as they are convinced of the hopelessness of their cause, just so long, and no longer, we may depend upon them to be orderly and (in a sense) loyal. For this reason, I look with great apprehension upon the experiment of starting political movements at this juncture. A month ago, a gentleman who has been quite prominent in public life said to me, that "the people of South Carolina are too weary and sick at heart to think of politics; all they want is peace." This was, no doubt, true at the time. But set these same people to calling caucuses, choosing members of the convention, and intriguing for offices, and immediately they will find that, after all, they have not lost their relish for the old game, and will begin to think that perhaps they can save a little yet of what they thought was gone for ever. It may be that my fears upon this subject are groundless. Nobody would rejoice more than I at a genuine restoration of self-government to the Southern States. But the idea, sometimes thrown out, of withdrawing our troops, seems to me nothing short of madness. Indeed, I do not believe that the blacks would protest against it any more earnestly than the whites. Both are suspicious of each other, and it takes very little to excite ill-will between them. I should expect, if the garrisons were removed, to hear of a war of races in a very short time. At the same time, nothing is more absurd than the fears of the whites that "the negroes are going to rise." If there is any attempt to re-enslave them, they certainly will rise—at least, they ought to; otherwise, they have no motive to do so. "What for we rise?" I heard one of them ask, in Charleston; "we

have our freedom now." Leave the negroes in the quiet possession of real freedom, and we need have no apprehension of any trouble.

Before closing, I will relate one or two incidents that came under my observation, not connected with what I have described above, but illustrating certain traits in the negro character. It is undeniable that the negroes do not exhibit so strong family affection as we should expect; still, a colored man in Columbia told me that he had that day seen a man who was sold away to the West thirty years ago, and who was now returned and searching for his wife. It reminded me of the case of a woman I knew, at Port Royal, who had taken another husband when her first was sold away, and who was speculating on the probability of the first returning, now that he was free. Her heart was still with her old love, and there seemed to be very little doubt in her mind as to her duty. "Of course I go wid him—does n't he belong to me?"

If there is any one argument for slavery which has a plausible ring of humanity about it, it is that it affords a security to the laborer of being supported in comfort in his old age—a pleasanter refuge than the alms-house. That this is usually the case we all know. I saw, however, an old woman in Columbia whom her mistress—a member of a wealthy family—put up to be sold at auction when she was past work. An Irishman bid her off for \$5; but finding that she was not worth even that to him, was about to sell her again, when the colored members of the Presbyterian church, shocked at the scandal, gave him the price he paid, and have supported her now for five years. They have also supported for ten years an old man whom his master turned adrift when he was no longer of any service to him, telling him that he was now free, and might take care of himself.

Another of the favorite arguments for slavery has been thoroughly exploded by a knowledge of facts—the alleged comparative degradation and wretchedness of the free colored population. So far from this being the case, there is actually a colored aristocracy, the most exclusive members of which are those who were called "*bona fide* free"—that is, as I understand, those whose freedom dates back beyond a certain date. These are well educated, prosperous, and highly respected. They own lands and houses; they did own slaves, and many of them sympathized (or professed to sympathize) with the rebellion. There is a striking analogy between them and those wealthy plebeian families who, in the early period of the Roman Republic, were allied with the patricians against their own order. And just as the Licinii and Sextii, when the contest became one for political equality, came forward as the champions of the plebeians, so now these wealthy slaveholding mulatto families of Charleston are fully identified in interest with the mass of the colored people, and are becoming leaders among them, while the old jealousy between blacks and mulattoes is disappearing.

MARCEL.

SMALL SAVINGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

The savings banks would seem to be all that could be desired as places of safe deposit for small sums, yet if the object be to enable the laboring classes to invest their earnings with the least trouble, they fail in some respects. I live in a town of 5,000 people, in which there is no bank. A few days since I offered to give each of my servants ten dollars, if they would add to it the sum due them for wages for the past three months, and deposit the whole sum in a savings bank, to which they all agreed. I took the money to the nearest savings bank, and was there told that unless I would act as trustee, the girls must themselves come to the bank and sign the books. This involves the loss of half a day's time and the expense of the trip. Now, I suppose one girl out of two would be deterred from making a deposit by these necessary requirements, while a day laborer must lose half a day to a day, according to his distance from a bank.

There might be a very simple method adopted by which the great mass of the savings of the people would be invested in United States bonds, and every possible facility given to the depositor. Every town or city has its treasurer, who is under bonds for the faithful performance of his duty. Let each State pass a law that each town or city may, by vote, authorize the town treasurer to receive on deposit any sum above one dollar and not exceeding one thousand dollars, adopting the formalities customary with savings banks and giving a book in the usual form, not transferable; the treasurer to invest such moneys, in his name as treasurer, in registered bonds of the United States. Interest on deposits to date from the first of the month next ensuing, and to be paid each six months or added to the deposit. A certain notice to be given in case of withdrawal of the deposit, to enable a sale of bonds to be made when necessary. The town or city to be responsible for the payment of all such deposits. All such business to be under

the general supervision of the selectmen, and the signature of one or more of them to be required for the transfer and sale of the bonds. It would be necessary for the treasurer to keep a moderate sum uninvested to meet calls, but as the rule would be that deposits would more than equal withdrawals, a sale of bonds would seldom be required.

It will be objected that the town would lose some interest—a small matter if thrift be encouraged among the people; also, that more business capacity would be required on the part of the treasurers than many of them now have. If such is the case, it is time a new treasurer should be chosen. More time would be required of the treasurer, and consequently higher pay. Again the increased thrift induced among the people would compensate. The advantages are obvious. In small country towns the treasurer would appoint one day in each month to receive and pay deposits; in larger ones, one day in a week; in cities, every day. Every laboring man or woman could easily attend. The mass of the people would have more interest in Government bonds. They would receive the full income from their money without deductions. They would have non-transferable deposit-books, instead of transferable Treasury notes, easily lost or spent. The guaranty of the town would be esteemed a great safeguard by the ignorant or half-educated. The disloyal voter, if any such existed in the town, would have his property mortgaged as the guarantor of the credit of the United States, by making the town responsible for the deposits and investments.

I am confident that some one accustomed to such matters could easily frame the necessary laws, and I hope to see some State lead off soon. By such methods the evils of a national debt may be mitigated, and many benefits derived; for it would be unsafe to authorize the investment of small deposits by towns or cities in anything but registered United States bonds; and if this scheme should prove to be an inducement to thrift and saving, it would be best that an amount of debt equal to such deposits should always be due from the United States to the people. Some action of Congress might be needed to simplify the sale and payment of the interest on registered bonds.

The main safeguard of this country is in the local self-government, the pure democracy of the town meeting. Everything which tends to secure a selection of the most honest and best men of the town for town officers, without regard to party politics, gives strength to the country. What could more induce the selection of the best men than to make the town officers the trustees of the savings of the mass of the people?

I believe there would at once be a marked improvement in the character of the selectmen and of the town treasurers, and in saying this I do not mean to say that they are not now well chosen.

A.

HALDEMAN'S AFFIXES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

As a general rule an author should not send explanations to his reviewer, both the book and the reviewer being accessible; but as my own brevity or obscurity has misled you and may mislead others, I offer a few explanations, thankful for your hints; for, according to Sir Fretful Plagiary, "What is the purpose of shewing a work to a friend if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?"

2. Books on philology are to be judged by the general scope and not by detached etymologies, where great latitude is allowable. In my analytic orthography ("Trevelyan Prize Essay," 1860) I have stated that "Port Tobacco in Maryland is a port at which tobacco is shipped, yet *port* and *tobacco* had nothing to do with the original naming of the town." Here a most plausible and 'morally certain' etymology is disputed. On the other hand, the "Atlantic Monthly" (August, 1860) plausibly refers the colloquial verb *money* (to go away, be off) to *ramose* (referring also to the name *Moses* as an assigned etymology), yet the word has an Indoeuropean root, and a frequentative *mizzle*, which is defined under quite another mizzle (to drizzle) in Worcester and the new Webster.

3. In the new Webster there is a cut of an impossible *nautilus*, with impossible sails, "a kind of shellfish, furnished with a membrane" (the figure shows two) "that serves it as a sail." In the "Affixes," p. 77, *nautilus* is defined as "a little ship (its shape being that of the prow of a ship); a shellfish fabled to sail." Here the difference is between the *nautilus* of poetry with its pretended sails, and the ship-shaped *nautilus* of fact without sails.

4. You say that "we unquestionably want" such a treatise, and I will be pleased when my pioneer work shall be succeeded by a better, with as much original, necessary, and useful matter for the student.

5. If *smelt* and *melt* are cognates, I care not whether they are regarded as different forms of the same word, the difference is in the *s*, which I regard as equally a prefix with that in *sombre*, where it represents *sub*.

6. Of such single letters it is truly said that "it is very difficult to trace their origin or their signification." Yet a principal feature of the work is the attention given to these short modifiers, which the reviewer considers should "hardly be regarded as prefixes in the usual sense," and much of the force of the criticism results from his mode of arguing this side of the question.

7. To damage my prefix *m*, he selects *musk* (Welsh *mws*, from *mws* an *effluvia*) and *mustard* (Welsh *mwstardd*, with a Welsh etymology), apparently because he can cite Latin originals for them, whilst he neglects those for which he is without such originals, as *m-esh* and *m-aggot*, where the *m* is not only a prefix, but one which comes up to the reviewer's standard of a prefix derived from a distinct word or words.

8. Important single letter heads are unnoticed, like *v*, *p*, *f*, *w*, *t*, in *brave*, *plate*, *flat*, *waste*, *twink*; the four distinct heads of *-th* (with the observations appended), *p* in *yelp*, and the adverbial suffixes *-n*, *-r*, *-s*, in *when*, *where*, *else*.

9. "Mr. Haldeman ought to pay a little more attention to French and Latin before he writes again." This remark was made because I chose to refer *buckler* to the Welsh *bucclodr* rather than to the French *bouclier*, which Diez (p. 575) refers to Latin *buccula*, a little cheek. Latin *moschus* was also known to me, but not *muscus* as a synonym.

10. *Hybrid* for hybrid I justify by the Latin *hibrida*, being distrustful of modern dictionary forms which put Greek letters in Latin words. "The carpsian Virgil and that of the Vatican have *sulphur* for *SULFUR sulphur*." *Hald. Latin Pronunciation*, 1851, p. 39.

11. If Greek and Welsh belong to the same stock of languages, it may happen that a word may be referred to either or both, and Welsh may afford light where Greek is obscure. Two etymologies are fused in *widow-finch*, and in the modern word *buzom*, and whilst I refer (p. 167) *willing* to the French *voulant*, I admit that in some localities it was more likely to have been taken from the Germanic *willig*.

12. In regard to *mistake* and *remiss*, the text admits of the inference of the reviewer, but *remiss* is referred to MITRO on p. 254 below. *Barren* was taken from the Gothic form, as in *un-bairand-ane* (not bearing fruit). John xv. 2.

13. As Pierre Belon, in his history of fishes (1551), says that he mentions the sturgeon only "pour monstrier que nous n'ayons pas ignoré quel il est"—so the few expressions like "Aztec accidental" mean that whilst I know that there is a Gaelic and an Aztec prefix *a-*, agreeing in meaning with Latin *a-* or *ab-*, yet I regard a similarity of this kind between Aztec and Latin as accidental rather than an evidence of cognation. But as others might fall upon these seeming marks of affinity, and suppose that I had not observed them, it was deemed useful thus to caution the student against them; and whilst I doubt the supposed affinities between Hebrew and Greek, I give an occasional example for those who differ from me.

14. I have not quoted Finnish (to the employment of which in English etymology the reviewer objects), but any one who uses either Finnish or Welsh may cite the distinguished Diefenbach in justification.

15. As stated on page 10, § 3, the book was not intended to be exhaustive, but a New York publisher's announcement has stated that a work of the kind, *intended to be exhaustive*, was in preparation, and this may have hurried my own. A work on affixes is also under way in London.

16. I do not justify the spelling of "altho'" but as I write it thus the printer "followed copy." It would have been well had he done so in other places. Thus there was no A.M. in the manuscript title, and whilst a pencilled note forbade a full point after the date 1865, a comma stands there. On page 20, second line below (and in the middle of page 54) F instead of F got in for the capital letter of the Greek *spiritus asper*, which was correctly given in the proof, and appears in its proper form under HETERO- and HOLO-.

17. From *verb* and *adverbial* I have deduced a word *verbial*, because *verbal* relates to words rather than to verbs. In objecting to *hybrid* this seems to have been overlooked.

18. I do not wish any English authority to be responsible for my shortcomings. I owed it to Mr. Furnival to make the acknowledgment in my prefatory, but the manuscript will show that his pencillings have not been many.

19. The charge of English influence cannot be substantiated from the book. I have been but little in England; I reject the English pronunciation of Latin; I know not how the English pronounce Greek, and I have been more familiar with French and German scientific works than with English ones.

20. Finally, if (in regard to the Philological Society) "we" of THE

NATION "place little value on any of its lucubrations," "we" stultify ourselves in thus confessing our inability to appreciate the merits of the eminent philologist, Richard Garnett.

S. S. H.

COLUMBIA, PA., Sept. 2, 1865.

[Mr. Haldeman's book has now been twice reviewed in THE NATION, once by us and once by himself. We trust he is satisfied. We have departed from our rule in admitting his reply, and we have done so partly on account of the peculiar nature of his subject, and partly in order to allow him to present to the public his own explanation of the imperfections of his work, which is, that it was "hurried" into the market to anticipate another publisher, who had announced a book of the same kind "intended to be exhaustive." The admission is something unusual.—ED. NATION.]

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

IX.

AUGUST 29, 1865.

LATE this forenoon I left Lynchburg, and set out on a horseback journey into North Carolina. The weather has been bright and hot all day, and the road hilly and dusty, so that I have ridden slowly, and travelled no more than twenty-one miles. In that distance I found but one person going the same way with myself, although the country, especially in the vicinity of the city, is pretty thickly settled, and a good half the land lying along the road is cleared and laid out in farms. The man was a German from Hesse-Darmstadt, going out to look at some land which he hoped to purchase.

He was in the United States five years, he said, and had been forced to spend two of it in the Confederate army. Except for that, he liked America better than Germany; more money could be made here than there, and the climate pleased him much better. He came to Virginia because he had a good heap of friends here, and had found it a good State; but the Virginian people did not like foreigners. They said if it had not been for the foreigners in the Yankee army, the South never would have been whipped. He reckoned that was so. Nearly half the Northern soldiers were German, Irish, and Dutch. But the people round here did not want to part with their land to anybody; they thought it made them great to own much land. He wished the Government would confiscate, so that land would become cheap.

I said that in the Lynchburg papers I had seen quite a large number of farms advertised as for sale. Yes, he said, but they wanted more than the right price; it was one of those farms that he was then going to look at, but he would not give twenty-five or thirty dollars an acre. He would buy or lease two hundred acres and raise grain; his brother would help him, and they would hire as few negroes as they could. Some would be necessary, but all of them were bad—great liars and unfaithful workers.

As I rode along, negroes were everywhere busy stripping off the corn-blades and tying them into small bundles, which are hung upon the stalks to be cured by the sun. Later in the day they could be seen coming up out of the fields, carrying on their heads great stacks of the dried fodder, which is at once stowed away in blade-houses. These are small buildings with walls of logs, between which are left wide apertures for the admission of air, as the fodder is apt to grow musty. Besides blade stripping no field work seemed to be going on, except here and there a little mowing, and on one farm a white man and a boy were laying a stone wall, the first I have seen in the State. Out of the towns, the zigzag fence of rails is almost universal.

The surface of the country over which I have travelled to-day is rolling and much diversified. The landscape is a good deal shut in by woods, but often to-day I have been able to see the distant Peaks of Otter, dark blue against the pale blue of the horizon, and almost to be mistaken for clouds, except that every other cloud was fleecy white. The soil seemed fertile; there was abundance of timber, the apple trees and the late peach trees were laden with fruit, and all the crops appeared to be thriving well. Indian corn was everywhere, and I saw occasional patches of cotton, tobacco, and broom-corn growing near the houses. More frequent were fields of sorghum. But a small portion of the land is under cultivation.

The people living in this section of the country have no railway or water communication with their markets, and all produce designed for Lynchburg and Danville has to be transported by wagon. I have met seven or eight of these heavy vehicles to-day, toiling slowly along the road. They are canvass-covered, drawn by four or six mules or oxen, and loaded with tobacco in hogsheds or packed loose. Some were driven by negroes, but more usually they were in charge of white men, who walked beside the team, while on top

of the load, among the hay and corn-blades, were the women and children going up to the city to make purchases. Baskets of eggs and chickens are hung at the end of the cart, and a bag of meal or of cooked provisions. Besides these parties and the man from Hesse-Darmstadt I believe I have met no one to-day.

At sunset I arrived at the Old Stand, which, as a small shield above the door announces, is a house of "Entertainment by S. Simmons." It may serve as a sample of the Virginia country taverns. The house stands in a large yard of short clean grass shaded by tall red oaks; it is two stories high, unpainted, and without window-shutters. Beside the door is a little shelf with a water-pail on it, and a drinking gourd hangs just above. The corn-house, blade-house, stable, and cow-yard are across the road. The dwelling contains four rooms; on the ground-floor one has a bed in it, a chair, and a clock; the other has half a dozen chairs, a table, and a chest of drawers, on which are a three weeks old copy of the *New York Daily News* and four or six books—a "Life of Whitefield," "Wesley's Journal," and some more modern Methodist publications.

No one about the house seemed to be stirring, so I tied my horse at the gate and walked in. An old man with a handkerchief thrown over his face to protect it from the flies lay asleep on the bed, and not wishing to awake him I read the *News* for more than half an hour. Then he came out, had my horse fed, and told me I might stay all night. His wife had gone away for an hour or two—when she came back I could have some supper, such as it was.

He was poorly himself, had a misery in his head, and had to get sleep when he could. Was I used to travelling that road? No, I said, I had never been over it till to-day. He thought he'd never seen me before; did n't hardly reckon I was a Virginian; was n't raised in these parts, anyhow? From Massachusetts, hey? That's one o' the Northern States. The people up there want the niggers freed, do n't they?

"Yes," I said, "they want them free, and, indeed, they think they are freed now."

"Allow they're free, do they? The war freed 'em, hey?"

"Yes, the Emancipation Proclamation and the war. Do n't you think they're free?"

"No, I do n't. They seem to think they be: go here and there and everywhere, as if they was free; but we can tell better when the next Congress meets and after the Supreme Court has decided. Niggers can't do nothin' with themselves. Of course not. How are they behaving in Lynchburg?"

"Very well, I believe."

"No, they a' n't. Up at Acquia Creek they're rioting, and so they'll do everywhere."

He never owned any of 'em, he said, and never wanted to. Did n't they let 'em vote in Massachusetts? Did I belong to any church? No, I answered, I did not; did he? Yes, he was a Methodist. What made him ask me the question was because he had heard that the President was going to do something or other to make the South Church unite with the North. I had heard nothing of it, I said; did he think they would come together of their own accord? No, he did n't; they could n't unite, and they ought n't to. He thought the people of the North and South had better just have nothing to say to each other; better keep apart for a time, anyhow. Did I want to buy a farm? He'd sell that one for twenty-five dollars an acre; there were three hundred acres of good land, all in good order. He'd never been raised to farming, and wanted to give it up.

He asked me many questions about Massachusetts—how large it was; what was the capital; if the people mostly followed farming or sheep-raising; if they lived as well as the people of Virginia; if the Methodists were a numerous and powerful sect there; if the Northern people did n't hate the Southerners; if Jeff. Davis would be hung; all of which I answered as well as I could, but without securing credence for my assertion that the North could not be said to hate the South. Massachusetts was ahead of Virginia, he reckoned, because more emigrants came there and there were more small farms. Perhaps Massachusetts people might live better than folks in Virginia, but he'd heard that they lived mostly on fried peas with bacon in 'em. Virginia people used to live pretty well once, before the war.

While we talked his wife returned, and we were soon summoned to supper. The landlady apologized for the scantiness of the meal, and said the war had accustomed her to poor living; in fact, she hardly knew now when it was necessary to make an apology. Coffee without sugar, corn-bread and butter, and a dish of boiled eggs were set before us, together with a pitcher of buttermilk. Supper was served in a little kitchen behind the main dwelling house, and connected with it by a covered plank-walk. In a corner of the room stood a very large wooden loom, in which the landlady said she had woven all the cloth used in the family for all purposes. Now that peace

had come, she reckoned she'd depend on my country for things of that kind and let the spinning-wheel and loom rest awhile.

The old man's opinion that slavery is in some way to be restored, or that, at any rate, uncompensated emancipation will not be permitted by the judiciary, nor by Congress, when the whole country is represented in that body, is an opinion that I have more than once heard expressed, and sometimes by men of more intelligence than the tavern-keeper. One day last week, I walked into a hotel parlor in Lynchburg, where quite a crowd of men were listening to the very amusing talk of "a true-blue, dyed-in-the-wool, Daniel Webster, old-line Whig, sir." By anecdotes and original comicalities he kept his audience in continual laughter. While I heard it, his conversation was, for the most part, a humorous but caustic tirade against the Democratic party, which, he said, was chargeable with all the calamities of the past four years. Democracy had killed those nephews of his who fell fighting for the Confederacy; Democracy had dragged him through thirty-two battles and got him ridiculously whipped at the end of 'em; Democracy had reduced the Southern people to corn-feed for the last three years; Democracy had piled up a national debt on the South that had all been—well, call it *paid*, gentlemen. But the Yankee debt, the United States debt, *our* debt, if you will have it so—that's going to be repudiated in less than twelve months. Democracy had emancipated all the niggers—took away his, whom he thought a d—d sight more of than of all the Democrats since General Jackson. However, they were all staying with him now, and in less than a year every nigger in the South would be a slave again. There are two words about their freedom."

"Come, come, Uncle Billy," said a bystander, "you one of Governor Peirpont's Commissioners of Elections and talking like that! What becomes of your oath?"

"Oath? I've taken every oath that's come into — county since General Lee's surrender, and I'll take all the rest that come; and I'll keep 'em all. But the Supreme Court has got to talk about this thing yet, you know, and so has Congress—the Congress of the United States, you know; when they've talked we'll keep our mouths shut, but till then we'll talk. I've got Andy's pardon right here in my pocket, and I can say what I like. Besides, my son, if I had n't, I'm not afraid to die; I never cast a Democratic vote in my life—yes, just one: I did cast one vote for that d—d infernal scoundrel of a Jeff. Davis. But I've bitterly repented of that."

"You need n't," said one of his hearers, "that's the best vote you ever cast in your life."

"See here, my friend," said the commissioner, "when I began life I had one most important rule to guide me, and it brought me luck and a good conscience: whenever they brought along anything Democratic, 'No, I thank you,' says I, 'I would n't choose any, thank you.' I departed from my rule once, voted for Jeff. Davis and secession, and after being whipped for four years under one Democratic President I had to go and beg a pardon from another. Henceforth, I'm subjugated, and I'm a Whig."

AUGUST 30, 1865.

This morning at six o'clock I had breakfast, which consisted of the same materials that composed our supper last night, and started for Pittsylvania Court-House, which is fifty-five miles from Lynchburg.

The sky for half the day was cloudy, and the day pleasanter for travelling than yesterday. Four miles of riding brought me to the Roanoke River, which is here not more than a hundred and twenty-five yards wide, flowing between green banks with a strong and rapid stream. In this part of its course the people call it the Staunton River, while fifty miles above and the same distance below it gets its name of Roanoke. The bridge which formerly spanned it was destroyed in May last by General Rosser, acting under the orders of General Johnston, and travellers are ferried across.

The journey of to-day has been more lonesome than that of yesterday, the country being less thickly settled, and the road for a much greater part of the distance being entirely in the forest. In many places the hills were very steep, and the road was often rugged where the rains had cut deep channels and gulleys in the earth, or had washed bare the rough ledges of rock. Some of these places were so dangerous that turn-outs had been made by the wagoners, and for a few rods the traveller, forsaking the road, rides along among the trees, and emerges into the beaten track after he has passed the obstruction, which is sometimes a gully or a ledge, sometimes the fallen trunk of a great tree which has lain so long unrotted that the old road marks are half obliterated, sometimes when the road crosses a low or spongy spot. Obstructions of the latter sort were however oftener overcome by corduroying the wet place with branches of trees and rails. I had ridden several hours without meeting any one, and began to be doubtful if I had not made a wrong turn at some one of the many forks in the road; so I waited for an hour at noon to rest my horse and to see if some traveller would

not overtake me. The sun was shining bright, for the clouds of the morning had wholly disappeared, but there was not the faintest breeze nor the least sound in the forest. It was so hot and so still, with nothing to be seen but the trees and the sand, and it had been so monotonously still and dull all day, that I could not help thinking that people living in such a country were excusable, amid their dearth of amusements and mental excitements of any kind, if they busied themselves with sectarian differences in theology and speculative questions in politics.

As no traveller passed, I mounted and rode along, giving careful study to the guide-posts as I passed them. Some of them were completely covered with pencillings. One, besides its inscription, "Lynchburg, 40 miles," was filled with messages and directions. I copied two or three: "B. C., Captain Wofford's Georgians will go by way of the Court-House;" "Captain Williams—Charlotte Battery—we will go through Pittsylvania C. H.;" "Jack, go the road with the pine branch;" "W. H. B., Raleigh, N. C., gone along April 5, 1865."

I found that I had not lost my way, and pushing on found clearings becoming more frequent, and the land as I got lower improving in appearance, but still seeming less fertile than what I saw yesterday. By the roadside, just before going into the village, I came upon a team of mules feeding beside one of the tobacco wagons mentioned before. An old negro and a lad of seventeen or eighteen years old were sitting beside a fire they had kindled near a spring, the boy watching a corn-cake baking in an iron pan, and the man kneading together water and white corn meal in a wooden tray. Slices of bacon were already fried.

They had been to Danville, they said, with leaf tobacco, and were now almost home again. The tobacco was two or three years old; no one had raised any tobacco this year. They would have been five days away from home when they got back to the plantation, but it was good fun.

Pittsylvania County Court-House, or Competition, or Chatham as it is called on the map, is a small village containing three or four pretty churches, a fine court-house, and many handsome dwelling houses. It is a pretty little place, and once was busily engaged in the manufacture of tobacco, but since the war nothing whatever has been done,

My fare at the one tavern which supplies the place of four that once existed here seemed to furnish proof of the exhausted condition of the country. Nothing was set on the table but butter-milk and corn-bread. There is meat in the country, the landlord said, and flour is worth fifteen dollars a barrel, haul it yourself at that. He was working his farm without negroes—himself and his boys did everything. The boys—three or four grown-up young men—were very sulky at the supper-table because of a freshet which had destroyed a good deal of their corn.

"Oh," said one of them, stretching himself after supper, "I'd rather be in the war ten years than pull fodder two days. D—n farming; it's enough to kill a horse; it's just fit for a nigger."

AUGUST 31 1865.

My road to-day has led me through a country much like what I saw on Tuesday. There are more clearings and more cultivated land than I saw yesterday, and the soil seemed more productive. During all these days the dwellings which I have passed have been such as were described in a previous letter; at rare intervals one sees the mansion-house with pretensions to elegance and comfort, the log-cabin plastered with mud occurs very frequently, and somewhat less often is seen the ordinary farm-house.

At noon to-day I stopped for awhile at one of these log-cabins, rather larger than most of them, but still having but one room and a loft. There was a glazed window, however, and the board floor was beautifully white and clean. As I dismounted at the gate, the man of the house walked down the path to meet me and offered his hand with much cordiality of manner, inviting me to come in and take a seat. His farm was a small one, containing only a hundred and twenty-five acres of land, and he worked it himself without the help of negroes.

"Never owned a nigger, sir, and never would hire one except a gal to do house work. 'Too much drivin' and overseenin'. They're wanderin' round now since the crops are laid by, so that the roads are full of 'em. I hear they're dying, heaps of 'em, in Danville."

"Have they been working for wages?"

"Board, I reckon. Nobody knew what to do with 'em. The country's full of orders and reports about 'em—some say they're all to be sent up North and kept thar, and some say that the Government's sending 'em all to Cuba, and sellin' 'em for slaves. I don't know what they are doin' with 'em, but I wish they'd clar 'em out o' this. They're in the way here; the abolitionists like 'em and they'd better take 'em. I hear that the abolitionists talk of taking away our right to vote, and giving it to the nigger. Pretty ridic'ulous idee."

While her husband was talking, the wife, a lean, pale woman, sat nursing an infant, which after a little while went asleep and was laid away in its crib. Then the woman, going over to the mantel, took down a small circular tin box and began to dip snuff, a process I had never before witnessed. She held in one hand the box, and in the other a bit of stick chewed at the end, so that the displaced fibres formed a rude sort of brush. This she moistened by putting it into her mouth. Then it was dipped into the snuff and rubbed upon the teeth and gums both on the back and front teeth and on the upper and lower jaws. Every little while, being a neat woman, as the appearance of her house indicated, she walked across the room and spit carefully into the fire-place, after which she replenished the supply of snuff in the dip and again applied it to her teeth. By-and-bye the box was returned to its place upon the mantel, and the woman, holding the dip-stick in her mouth, began to talk with me about the social position of the negro in the North, for by this time they had learned I was from Massachusetts.

"Thar was a Yankee man," said she, "was travellin' by here, and he had a nigger gal with him that he was goin' to take up into your country. He wanted to rest and drink water, and I made him welcome to come in; so in he came, and in came the nigger gal and sot down in this yer same cheer. Thar war n't nobody home but me, but I went across to her and took her by the shoulder. 'You walk out o' this,' says I. The Yankee he spoke up, and wanted to know why I did that; in his country, he said, she'd be as good as anybody. 'Well,' says I, 'she a'n't goin' to walk in here and make herself even to me. In my country white folks is white folks, and niggers is brought up to know their place, and she can't set down in my room when I'm in presence.'"

Leaving the farm-house, it was not long before I overtook an old negro driving a cart to Danville loaded with peaches, sweet potatoes, and chickens. The horse was very old, very thin, and galled in many places, as the horses of negroes in the South are apt to be, for they usually are harnessed with tackle made up of rope-ends, bits of hide, and old rags. The man himself was about sixty years old.

He was not going up to Danville for marketing purposes only, he said; he was going to see the provost-marshal up there. His master had turned him and his wife off the plantation, and he did not know where to go. The master had turned off several families besides his, and he supposed they'd have to get some of their kin to take them into their houses, or else the Government would have to feed and shelter them. I asked if his employer had given him nothing as wages for his work this year, or if he had done any work. Yes, he said, he had tended the house-garden all the year; his wife was the cook for the master's family; one of the sons had been a ploughman, another had been almost a full hand, and still another had been a table-boy for two or three years. His master had fed the family and given them summer clothes, but had not given winter clothing nor shoes. I asked him if he had been working under an agreement this year. He took a paper from his pocket-book and showed it to me as his contract with his master. I copied it into my note-book:

"Under an agreement between me and James, a man formerly my property, I am to deliver him ten barrels of corn, at my residence, when shucked from the present crop, in full of all claims against me for wages this year. The same is to be delivered to any one he may sell said corn to, provided the terms of said agreement are complied with. Said payment is in full of his wages, his wife's and children's, who live with me at this time. Said agreement was made 19th of August, 1865. (Signed) J. M. W."

New corn is now selling in Danville at two dollars per barrel, and it is expected that it will be cheaper than that before Christmas. Mr. W., just after the surrender of Lee, made a verbal promise to his negroes that they should have a part of whatever crops they would raise. The reason why his written acknowledgment of debt bears so late a date, is because it was not till the middle of August that he definitely decided what quantity of corn should be given to each hand, and because he did not care to send away any of his laborers before that time. The paper was given them at the same time with a notice to quit the plantation.

The old negro declared that the people on that plantation had never worked so hard as they have this year. So it would always be, he thought, if the masters would send away the overseers, and work the farms on shares. Under such a system more provisions would be made than have ever yet been raised in Virginia. The people would like it better than wages. He would himself, and all the people would, he believed.

But the masters would n't do that. They would rather send away the old niggers and all with too many children, and hire the strong and young.

There is some truth in the assertion which I have everywhere heard made as I came through Campbell and Pittsylvania, that the negroes are flocking into the towns. In July last, in the city of Danville, 1,329 persons received rations from the Government, 1,079 of these being whites, and 250

negroes. On the 1st of August General Curtis' prohibitory order went into effect, and during that month the number of white people rationed was only 413, while the number of negroes increases and becomes 603; the destitute colored population of the town, it thus appears, having been more than doubled by additions from some source or other.

The officers of the Freedmen's Bureau here stationed say that it is true that some negroes are leaving their homes, but that in their opinion, in the great majority of cases, it is the negro who abandons his employer, and not the master who sets his servants adrift.

ENGLISH FEELING TOWARDS AMERICA.

LONDON, August 26.

THE new correspondent whom the *Times* newspaper has sent out to represent it in the United States, has lately been writing in a tone which contrasts strangely with that adopted by his predecessor. To do this gentleman justice, he has said a good deal which is true concerning the North, and which—to those who take their opinions ready-made from the leading journal—must have been surprisingly new. Amongst other candid confessions, he has discovered that the ill-feeling which he believes exists in America towards England is not as utterly unreasonable as it is commonly supposed to be. In a long letter of two columns, published during the present week, he has endeavored to explain why it is Americans are unfriendly towards England. As in this explanation he is perforce obliged to ignore the systematic misrepresentation of which the *Times* was the chief author throughout the war, his theory is not a very intelligible one to those who are unable to read between the lines. The perusal, however, of his letter has tempted me to write somewhat at length concerning the converse proposition. I should like, if possible, to explain to you what is the feeling of England towards America; to what extent and for what reasons it is an unfriendly one. In writing on such a subject, it is of no use to look out for nothing but pleasant things to say. Nor do I think that a rose-color picture of our sentiments towards you as a nation would do anything, in as far as it had any effect at all, to increase the friendliness of our international relations. Just as it is well that we should know why you as a nation have not a cordial feeling towards us, so it is well, also, you should know why we, to a certain extent, reciprocate the sentiment.

Now, in order to make my view, whether right or wrong, intelligible to you, I must explain what I mean by England. As regards foreign countries, I take England to be that distinct but not easily definable body which constitutes the "governing classes." This body, roughly speaking, comprises the peerage, the landed gentry, professional men, merchants, independent farmers, and well-to-do shopkeepers. In home questions, the uneducated and unrepresented classes have an enormous influence, but on foreign matters they exercise no influence, because they care nothing about them. I have no doubt you may have read a good deal in the speeches of mob orators, like Mr. Mason Jones, about the sympathy of the "masses" for the North. At the risk of dispelling a pleasing illusion, I must say there was a great deal of humbug about this talk. The small knot of "intelligent mechanics" who attend working-men's colleges and take the lead in trades unions, were undoubtedly earnest supporters of the Federal cause. Their support is not a matter to be ignored, still less despised; but it would be as absurd to take them as specimens of the million as it was for the historic three tailors of Tooley Street to call themselves the people of England. I wish heartily such were the case, but I know that it is not. The overwhelming majority of the English working-classes know very little and care less about America or any other foreign country. Their struggle for life is too keen a one to permit them to do so. As far, I think, as a body they had any view at all on the question between North and South, it was in favor of the former. A sort of blind instinct taught them that the war of free labor against slave was one connected with their own rights, and, what was much more, the accounts of the emigrants who have settled in the West have taught the English working-man to regard America as a sort of land of promise. But beyond this I do not truly believe their sympathy extended. In the manufacturing districts, where the working-classes, as a rule, are most educated and prosperous, this sympathy was the strongest. But, to the great bulk of our laboring population, America is a name, and a name only. At the time when the relations between England and the United States seemed most embroiled, I recollect reading in some American paper that the British aristocracy were baffled in their desire for war by the sturdy resistance of the hard-handed sons of labor—or words to that effect. I much doubt there being any substantial truth in this assertion. Somehow or other pugnacity is the one British characteristic which steadily survives poverty; and at its outset a war is never unpopular with English working-

men. I do not say for one moment that a war with America would not have called forth violent opposition from a large section of our laboring classes; but I question the opposition having been at all of an universal character.

Thus, in estimating the feeling of England towards America, I believe the sentiments of the working masses may be left out of consideration. There are many questions of a home character on which their sentiments cannot safely be ignored; but the relations of England with America or any foreign country are not one of them. With a view to the policy of the two countries, the important consideration for Americans is how our governing classes—giving the widest signification to that vague term—are disposed towards them. Now, if you wish to form any just estimate of this subject, I must warn you, as a matter of fact, not to attach too much weight to the utterances of that party of which the *Morning Star* is the organ, and Mr. Bright the chief exponent. On most points, I sympathize with their views; but I know perfectly well that their views are in no sense representative of English feelings. I have known Americans in former years—I do not know whether they are to be found still—who were much more English than the English Anglo-manics; they held that whatever England did was right. In the same way, we have American-manics—if you will excuse my saying so—who will not admit the possibility of your being ever wrong, in any conceivable event. The exaggeration of their partizanship deprives it of any influence. I believe myself that the signal failure of the *Morning Star* to obtain any hold on public opinion during the war, arose not so much from the unpopularity of the views it advocated, as from the indiscriminating character of its pro-northern advocacy. As an illustration of what I mean, I think I may safely assert that you, as a nation, will be doing right or wrong according to the decision you arrive at with reference to the punishment of the leaders of the rebellion. You may be right in executing them as rebels; you may be right in refusing to exercise your full privilege of punishment. But you cannot be equally right in either case. Yet everybody knows beforehand that if you were to hang Jefferson Davis, the *Star* would dilate upon the dignity of your vengeance; while, if you spare him, it will dwell upon the magnanimity of your forbearance. On this account, as I have said, you must not take the views of the party represented by the *Star* as expressing more than the opinions of a small, though not unimportant, section of our community. If you were to do so, you would be liable to commit very much the same blunder as the Emperor Nicholas did, when he considered that the views of the Manchester peace party were those of England.

Nor do I think that you ought to attach undue importance to the friendly reception which Americans personally have received of late in England. To do ourselves justice, I think our national animosities are not of a personal character. During the time when the pro-Southern sympathy was the strongest in this country, the most ardent Northerner would not, I think, have met with anything but a cordial welcome here, supposing him to have been furnished with good letters of introduction and to have been of a class which would have ensured him civility in his own country. Americans resident in England throughout the last five years will, I believe, bear me out in saying that they find no disposition to regard them with anything but friendliness. In the same way, however, all Englishmen who were in the States during the period when the irritation against England was most vehement will, I know, agree with me, that personally their reception was of the kindest. As individuals, there are so many points of sympathy and common interest between an Englishman and an American, that it could not well be otherwise. Moreover, if I am to speak the candid truth, at a time when English interest was to a great extent absorbed in the American struggle, an American, of either North or South, was something of a lion; and the leonine genus is always popular with us socially. But, in spite of this personal good-will, the anti-American feeling was a very general one. Amongst the dissenting community, sympathy with the North, as against the South, was very general, but I am not sure it was so upon grounds you would altogether approve. The truth is, the anti-slavery feeling is immensely powerful amongst the classes from whom the different Nonconformist bodies are composed. To a great extent this section of our public commands the borough elections, and I believe myself the maintenance of our neutrality was in no small measure due to the fact that the borough members knew their seats would be unsafe if they voted in favor of intervention in behalf of the slave-owning Confederacy. The steadfastness with which the world of small shopkeepers and tradesmen—a world habitually accused of extreme narrowness of vision—adhered to the old national hatred of slavery is, in my judgment, an honor to the country; but I do not think this steadfastness can be truly ascribed to any very distinct affection for America or her people.

My own belief is, that the attitude of the British Government expressed, as it does usually, the national sentiments with considerable accuracy. Lay-

ing aside moot questions like that of the *Alabama*, you yourselves admit that our policy was a sincerely neutral one. We—I am now speaking of ourselves as a nation represented by our Government—did not believe in your success in restoring the Union; we did not exactly wish you to succeed, but we had no intention of taking active measures to oppose your efforts. We were spectators of your struggle, not only neutral but unsympathetic. And this was, I think, as nearly as I can express it, the national tone of mind throughout the continuance of your civil war. You complain of our want of sympathy, and in so doing you complain justly; but it is well you should understand the true nature of that want of which you complain. I see it often stated that our lukewarmness in your cause arose from the aristocratic character of our Government, and our consequent distaste for free republican institutions. The explanation is plausible, but incorrect. Political convictions of any kind had very little to do with our sympathies as between North and South. The Tory party in Parliament and out of it are naturally enough opposed to anything which bears the name of democracy, and their traditions taught them to regard anything which threatened evil to America as a boon to their cause; but this antipathy to democracy is of too abstract a character to have much hold upon Englishmen, and, moreover, was not shared by the great majority, who profess liberal principles of some shade or other.

Political prejudices had, of course, something to do with our lack of sympathy, but they are not sufficient to account for it. The feeling was too widespread a one to be assigned to any local or partial cause. For my own part, I attribute it partly to social prejudices and still more to our passionate feeling of nationality. Till the war altered our views, there was a general impression amongst educated Englishmen that Americans were wanting in those virtues and qualities on which we pride ourselves most highly. The caricatured portraits of American life which most of our English travellers had presented to their countrymen had much to do with this, but still some of it was due to a sort of intolerance eminently characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race. We can pardon a Frenchman for not being what we are, but that a man who speaks English should not speak and dress and act exactly as we do ourselves, is in our eyes a grievous sin. We English and Americans are, I think, too like ever to do full justice to each other. Cousins in private life never think much of cousins; and the rule holds good to the relations between kindred nations. All the good in you we think due to your connection with us; all the evil we deem due to your separate existence. In the same way I have often noticed an assumption on the part of Americans that all the merits of our common ancestors have been appropriated by yourselves, while all the defects of our common character are to be credited to us. Both views are equally natural and equally unphilosophical.

But a far more potent sense of our lack of sympathy was a conviction that the United States is a power whose magnitude is inimical to the interests of England. You are the only power in the world whom we dread in any way as a rival. A foreigner reading our newspapers during one of our periodical fits of self-depreciation would fancy there was not a continental nation whose increasing strength was not to us a source of constant apprehension. But, practically, we have an innate and ineradicable conviction of our own superiority to every nation in Europe, or to all of them combined. I am not saying that this conviction is rational or just. I only say that it exists and influences the whole of our policy. But we have not the same confidence with regard to you. The very consciousness of our own strength teaches us that your strength is not to be despised. You may call this jealousy narrow and selfish, but you must fairly remember that the same instinct which has made us extend our empire round the globe makes us nervously susceptible about anything or anybody which threatens our supremacy upon the seas. You will say, perhaps, that this instinct of imperial self-preservation ought to lead us to encourage amity with the only power we see cause to view with alarm. But then—and here I come to the main motive of our want of sympathy—there has long existed amongst Englishmen a belief that you, as a nation, were unfriendly to us, and disposed to injure us whenever you had the opportunity.

This belief, I need not say, I hold to be unjust and unfounded; but it is not so irrational a one as you may possibly imagine, looking at the matter from an American point of view. For long years before the outbreak of secession the language of your public men, and of such of your papers as we saw, was hostile and often offensive to this country. It is all very well to reply that the statesmen to whom I allude were Southerners, and that the papers in question only indulged in these tirades against England to gratify their Irish readers. But Englishmen as a body could not be expected to understand these distinctions. Congress was to us the Parliament of the Union; and the New York *Herald* the most popular organ of the American people. We thought, too, right or wrong, that we had cause to complain

repeatedly of the action of your Government. I am not going now into the weary question of the Oregon boundary, and Crampton's dismissal, and the Greytown cruisers, and San Juan del Norte, and the Ostend Manifesto, and all the other petty "misères," to use a French word, which bred ill blood between us. But I only wish to point out that these quarrels had left behind them a smarting impression on our part that we had uniformly got scant justice in dealing with your Government. We fancied that you relied upon our unwillingness to imperil the cotton trade by war in order to serve us as you would not have served less forbearing nations. We cared little or nothing about the points at issue; but we resented bitterly the idea that we had suffered treatment at your hands no other government would have ventured to inflict upon us. Whether we were right in our opinion or not, I know absolutely nothing; but I do know that the opinion was a very general one amongst us, and produced its effects. When the war broke out and you appealed to our sympathies, hundreds of times when I have been discussing this American question, sensible and liberal Englishmen have said to me: "I care nothing about North or South, all I know is that the United States were always unfriendly to England, and therefore I am glad to see their power diminished by a disruption of the Union."

This feeling, then, lay at the root of our lack of sympathy for your cause during the war. Since the suppression of the rebellion, our English estimate of your corporate strength and your individual worth is far higher and juster than it was. But to speak candidly, this latent impression that America is naturally hostile to England still exists very generally. Whether it is to be lasting or not will mainly depend upon the language and conduct of your public men and your newspapers. You were angry, and justly angry, when Mr. Gladstone went out of his way to say that "Jefferson Davis had made a nation." In the same way, you can understand that speeches like that of Mr. Chase, when he said "he should like to give Mother England a good shaking," do not breed good-will over here.

THE BREAK UP.

BY A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

FAYETTEVILLE TO THE END.

WE knocked boldly at the best looking establishment, and were unhesitatingly received with the utmost cordiality. Dirty, wet, and weary, they took us in, and our horses too. They gave us the nicest supper I ever ate, with real coffee and cream. I was too sick to eat much, but my companions made it up. Instead of putting us in some out-house, which our forbidding appearance certainly justified, they gave us separate rooms with nice clean beds, and treated us altogether like old friends. The next morning I felt like a different man.

The ladies of Fayetteville gave the same hospitable reception to all the weary soldiers as they passed through. They stood at their doors and windows, and offered their best of everything—even the wines and preserves that had been hoarded up all during the war. At the house where I staid all day, feeling still too ill to move, the old lady and her two pretty daughters sat fanning and talking to me, rubbing my head, and anticipating every wish. They all expected a stand to be made at Fayetteville, and asked continually if we were going to drive Sherman back. Of course, we all swore we would, and we were going to make Fayetteville a Thermopylæ. The morning of the evacuation I went to the hotel, leaving Bram at the camp in the arsenal yard, but luckily telling him where to find me. I had just paid \$10 for an abominable breakfast I had not yet eaten, when a courier rushed in and whispered something to Hardee, who was talking to a lady at the end of the room. He jumped up as if shot, and everybody scattered. I heard cries of "Which way are they coming?" "How many are they?" "D—n it, we must drive them back!" "They'll get in, burn the bridge, and cut us off!" I waited for no more. How I got out of that room, whether through the door or window, I never can tell.

The street was blocked up for a quarter of a mile by cavalrymen and led horses, all completely stampeded. Seeing the crowd cutting out, I did not intend to stay. In a side street I found an old mule hitched to a post, by a piece of rope, with an old saddle, minus stirrups. I tried to jump on him, but at each effort of mine he would duck off about six feet on one side, and repeated the manœuvre till brought up by the opposite house. Then I begged an old negro woman to "break my foot," and was in the act of triumphantly mounting, when a voice behind me growled, "What sort ob a h—ll ob a way is dis? You go off and leab me, and ebrybody de leab; and here you de fool wid dat dam ole ting. Here, tek yer hoss!" I turned and joyfully recognized Bram. It was no time to expostulate on the freedom of his address. I mounted, struck spurs into my horse, and followed the crowd. I felt quite cool, but still kept on running, though I saw nothing to run from.

A little below the market there stood Hampton, entreating the men to stop; some did, but most of them galloped past: finally, he drew his pistol and threatened to shoot the first man that attempted to run by. Soon a crowd was collected, and forming fours, we charged till we came on the Yanks, about 75 or 100, who scattered in every direction. I saw only six or eight, whom we charged down a by-street. The whole thing did not last more than ten minutes. We took two or three prisoners. They said they supposed the town was evacuated, having encountered no pickets. Our pickets, it seems, thinking themselves unsupported, had run without firing a gun until they got into the town, and thus stampeded the stragglers and led horses. I caught up with my company at the bridge, which they were preparing to burn, sprinkling it with resin and turpentine.

That evening, when the excitement was over, I felt horribly; at last I fell off my horse. Some one kindly put me in a wagon, in which I reached camp. Next day I received an order to impress the first horse I could find; but I was unable to prosecute the search. Being too ill to mount my pony, I got into an empty ambulance; in a little while it was filled, so that men were sitting on one another. I felt as if I had been a month packed in with that crowd. Sometimes I would lose consciousness of my wretched condition, and fancy myself at home and in a comfortable bed—then an unfriendly jolt would bring me back to the sense of pain. When they stopped at night, being unable to move, I was left all alone; a surgeon, however, came along and kindly administered an opium pill, and threw a blanket over me.

The next morning I was carried to headquarters, and the surgeon, after examining me, sent me with some other sick men to a house in advance.

I had been in bed hardly an hour when orders came to move forward. Bram helped me on my horse, and we camped about five miles off. It rained all that night; the next morning I could not stir. The surgeon pronounced me a very bad case, and had me moved to a shanty hard by, where the old man was very surly, and would not let me in, till Bram, after cursing him soundly, threatened to go for the guard to arrest him. He immediately gave in. They stretched me on a blanket before the fire, and there I remained that day and night delirious. The next morning began the battle of Aversboro; I was again moved to the rear, perfectly wild with excitement at the firing and the reports of the fight, which was horribly mismanaged. Instead of putting in divisions at a time, they sent them by brigades and regiments, to be licked in detail. It was a small affair, however, only Taliaferro's division engaged.

McLaws was fortifying in the rear, which, however, he did so thoroughly, that the enemy did not care to waste life by charging him, knowing that the position must be abandoned. Everything fell back that night. I was carried in a horse-cart. Through the care of a friend, acting hospital steward, who dosed me every three hours with quinine, I began to improve, and was able to return to duty before the battle of Bentonville.

I was among the ten couriers to Hardee on the second day, and I never care to be in the same place again. Had they not practised the same manoeuvre of charging by brigades reduced in numbers, there might have been a difference in the result of the battle, though there were hardly more than 16,000 men engaged on the Confederate side.

After the fight, what should I see but Haywood's brigade, which had been reported all captured! I knew I should soon get orders to return to them, and service in the ranks on foot not attracting me, I made out an application for a special transfer to the cavalry, which Gen. Hardee kindly put through with the commanding general, Johnston. Two days before my application was returned, I received orders to report to my regiment; but I held off till I got my papers of transfer. One can go "hunting" for his command a considerable time, provided he keep well away from it. As I wanted some tobacco, I thought I would just go to Smithfield, by way of Raleigh, and buy some.

I bought my tobacco, and as that took all my money, I left next day, taking a circuitous route to Smithfield. On fording the Neuse River, I got into a wagon and led my horse behind. Finding the teamster a very good fellow, I travelled with him three days, enjoying his hospitality—Bram occasionally contributing poultry and pigs which he picked up by the way. My friend belonged to Wheeler's Corps, and he and all his companions treated me to the best their train afforded, so that I was sorry when the time came to part. Wheeler's men did pretty much as they pleased; they were "sports," but I found most of them first-rate fellows and full of fun. They fought like the devil; and it must be confessed acted like him too very often, so that the country they defended dreaded them worse than anything. But they were jolly companions. Butler's South Carolinians, unless you happened to know them personally, were very surly, and never thought of such a thing as asking you to take something to eat, though it must be said they were kept so close they had no chance to forage. Living on their rations of one-third of a pound

of bacon, and a pint of the everlasting old corn meal, they did not have so good a time as Wheeler's men.

I reached my command April 1st. They were camped in a miserable pine country twelve miles above Goldsboro, the horses getting five ears of corn and two bundles of fodder a day, which had to be hauled fifty or sixty miles, the country being entirely eaten out.

I talked with some friends that night, who advised me, as there was a great deal of picket duty, and my horses were low in flesh, to return home and get another, or at least go off and impress one on the order I had not yet used before reporting. Accordingly I started with my own and Bram's horse, which had almost entirely given out, and had a gall on his back as big as my head. I knew Bram would soon "capture" another; I left him in care of a friend, and that is the last I ever saw of him. He returned home. I intended to go to the country east of Tar River, where there was plenty of everything, and try my luck there.

I rode the first night to within seven miles of Wilson, and sold Bram's horse, which could go no further, for five hundred Confederate dollars, a peck of potatoes, and my night's lodging. I travelled much better, as Confederate paper was lighter than a broken-down horse even then. Next day I impressed a tolerably good beast, leaving my nag, much to the old fellow's disgust. I consoled him by the suggestion that the horse was not for me, but for "his country," which did not awaken his enthusiasm, however. This was not a good enough horse, so I kept on towards Tarboro, looking for a better. It was sometimes dangerous to own one's self a horse-presser, on account of the number which had been stolen by men calling themselves Wheeler's.

I met an acting quartermaster with a wagon train impressing corn. I agreed to look out for him while pursuing my own search. I found little in the barns, but plenty hid away in the swamps. These hoards were readily pointed out by the poor people, who had no interest in the war, but whose husbands, sons, and brothers were conscripted, while the majority of the men better off "greased out," being bonded to furnish 1,000 lbs. of bacon to the government, and their surplus provisions at given rates to the needy families of soldiers—who complained that the rich men always swore they had no surplus, although they always had enough to sell to speculators.

Having impressed a good horse at length, I set out to "hunt" my command in good earnest, and joined at Smithfield, just in time to hear the order, "Second squadron, dismount. As skirmishers, take intervals." We had enough of this sort of thing before we reached Raleigh. The skirmish line is the devil; and if forced to run, there is no knowing where one's horse will turn up afterwards. At Raleigh, Wheeler's men were in their element, plundering the quartermaster's depot. They had good horses, and some of them drums; others wrapped themselves in large garrison flags they had "prowled," and charged through the streets, shouting and yelling, to their own great amusement, but to the dismay of the quiet citizens, whom they nearly trampled down, and whose fright only excited them to louder laughter and more daring pranks. Thus they were as much hated in Raleigh as in the rest of North Carolina, most of which they overran and harried. I met them everywhere in my wanderings. Their usual salute was, "Halloa, there, are you one of bully Joe Wheeler's dragoons, or one of Hampton's curly-headed gentlemen?" When one was travelling alone, it was most prudent to belong to their crowd.

We left Raleigh at 5.30 A.M. It was surrendered at 6. We took the road to Hillsboro, going very slowly—some days hardly five miles—halting at every good position, expecting to be attacked, but never were. At Durham Station, which is famous for tobacco, we got more than we could carry. I threw away my clothes to fill my saddle-bags. The men wasted quantities, taking more than they could carry, and then throwing it away. In some places there were piles of it in the road. We halted at Hillsboro. On Saturday, April 15, I was on vidette duty, when the first flag of truce came up in charge of some of Kilpatrick's staff. I little thought what it meant.

Lee's surrender, which at first was very much doubted, being now certain, we all knew that a miracle only would save the cause, yet we still thought things would hang on somehow, and we had no idea the whole concern was about to fade like smoke. As soon as the armistice was declared, every one began to look out for himself. Some swore they would never surrender, but a great many deserted.

As a matter of policy merely, Sherman's armistice turned out well for him, because before that Johnston's army were resolved to make one fight more, and at least sell their lives dearly as at Bentonville. But the armistice turned their thoughts the other way. Men who found unexpectedly that they had come out whole, began to consider about losing a limb for nothing, and none cared to lay down life for a dead cause.

Again relapsing, I was sent to the hospital at Greensboro, and that is the last I saw of the brigade. They all scattered on their own hook, and went home. My horse was carried along. I have since heard he was safe, but beyond my recovery; so he went up the spout with the rest.

Ten miles from Greensboro, the box-car in which we were going at the fastest Confederate speed (fifteen miles an hour) suddenly blew up. Several of us jumped off, and escaped not so badly burned; but it was frightful to hear the howls of those who could not get out. Some perished. The car had been used for transporting powder, and a quantity was lying loose in the bottom, and took fire from a spark. The skin on my hands and face peeled off, and for five hours I suffered terrible tortures. I recovered pretty soon, but was so much disfigured that some of my friends did not know me till I spoke. At Greensboro the soldiers had become a complete rabble, laying hold of as much government property as they could. Women came from all the adjacent country in buggies, wagons, and ox-carts—the most horrible crew; all smoked, chewed, snuffed, or dipped. The attraction was a quantity of factory thread, stowed away in the government stores, which they wanted as warp for their looms. A hundred of them, perhaps, would break open a car, and struggle over the contents, sometimes six or eight fighting over a bunch of thread, all pulling in a different direction for fifty yards, and the soldiers shouting and cheering them on.

Some specie was distributed to the army. My share was \$1 50. Some fellows got 35 cents more! But not being present at the second disbursement, I lost that. I meant to preserve the Mexican dollar as a curiosity, and give it to my grandchildren to cut their teeth on, but I dropped it out of my pocket, to my everlasting regret. My fifty cents also I lost at poker, and so went the reward for my two years' service.

On the 1st of May I departed with the wagon train for South Carolina. We had to keep a strict guard to prevent fellows from cutting off at night with the mules.

At Yorkville myself and a companion discovered a plot of the majority of the teamsters to seize the best mules and be off. We determined not to let them get ahead of us, and leave us to walk, so that very night we grabbed each a mule and cut. We pushed on to Unionville, near sixty miles; my arm was stiff with the continuous use of my stick, the only condition on which my mule would travel. She was a stayer, about sixteen hands high and large in proportion, and she had an extremely knowing look, as much as to say, "You may thump as you please, but I will go my own gait."

In the home journey I noticed one remarkable change in respect for property. Chickens and pigs could escape unmolested, whereas, hitherto, the poor citizen was considered nobody. The soldier fighting to protect the property claimed the right to help himself to all he wanted. In army life, men do all sorts of things they would never dream of doing under other conditions. I must say too that, on the return, the people everywhere received and fed me and my mule without any charge; so that I travelled the whole length of South Carolina, spending but fifty cents at one house. I made my way for Abbeville District, over the same road Jeff. Davis had travelled two weeks before.

I did not wish to burst upon my relations without preparation; and, knowing that the change from a smooth school-boy to a battered and singed dragoon would sufficiently disguise me, I "lighted" at the shanty of old Alick Cummins, a mile and a half from my aunt's farm.

The old woman said, "Stranger, won't you take a cheer?" which I did. I pretended to be very anxious for a place to put up at, and described the way to my aunt's, where I said I had been directed by a man on the road. But old Cummins, who was a sort of hanger-on of the family, was loyal to the solitary ladies, and tried every shift to avoid sending a wandering soldier, perhaps a marauder, to their house. He protested there was no habitation in that quarter, but I had best go to the widow Jones's, three miles off; I objected that my horse was too tired. Then he brightened up and urged my going back to "the Range"—a miserable collection of huts, aptly called the dark corner of the district—"there was a dance going on at Jim Beasley's, and I could have great times with the gals." I said I was too weary to dance, and I wanted to get to the nice place I had heard of—describing more fully my aunt's. Cummins pretended perfect ignorance, chewing more vigorously, and directing me further and further off. At last, however, he had to give in. He appeared suddenly to recollect—"I reckon," he said, "you mean Miss Mary, but I do n't believe you can get to stay there."

"What, is anybody ill?"

"Oh, no! but dar 's only the two old ladies at home. Louisy, I reckon, is up country at her sister's, and you had better go to Jim Beasley's."

Having found out that they were all alive, I pushed on with a light heart, and soon turned into the avenue. The trees had grown wonderfully in the two years of my absence: the roses still hung their clusters in fes-

toons from the pillars of the piazza; the old-fashioned flowers sent up their fragrance from the garden; and the moonlight slept as placidly on the hill-side as if war had not been stalking through the land, leaving wherever it passed the desolating traces of fire and blood.

My thundering knocks soon brought out my aunt's maid, Diana, who set up a dismal squall on beholding a soldier in need of a night's lodging. Her mistress, she said, was in bed and asleep; there was no provision for man nor beast. I must go on to Mrs. Jones.

The howling of the dogs soon attracted a crowd of negroes, who vociferously confirmed Diana's inhospitable statement. I persisted that I must stay. For myself, I could roll in my blanket and lie on the piazza, but my horse must get feed, and I should turn him into the wheat field. Old Andrew, the head man, who acted as spokesman, answered so mildly that that would be a pity, as they had nothing but the wheat to depend upon, the corn crop having quite failed, that I could scarcely refrain jumping off my horse and shaking the old fellow by the hand; but I restrained myself, though bursting with laughter.

My aunt, who was a spinster, having by this time replaced her night-cap by some more ceremonious head-gear, had me summoned to a parley under her window.

She excused herself that, not living on the high road, she was unaccustomed to receiving travellers. Mrs. Jones, who lived a few miles on, could take me in. The night before she had indeed sheltered six men, and they had eaten up everything. I replied it was impossible for my mule to go further that night.

"How much corn do you want?"

"One hundred ears, at least."

She groaned, and indignantly exclaimed: "You must waste a great deal!"

"Madam, I do n't waste a grain," said I.

"The men last night were very humble; they asked but for ten ears a piece, and were content to sleep in the wash-kitchen."

"They knew what their animals wanted, and I know what mine does. I'll sleep where you choose, but I only hope if you have any relatives in the army they may meet with the inhospitable treatment you show me!"

She quite forgot her rôle, and exclaimed, "Yes, I had two nephews in Johnston's army; one was killed, I am anxiously expecting the other. Did you ever meet with him?"

"Why, Aunt Mary, do n't you know me?"

"Can that be James?"

"Yes, and I am ashamed of you!"

"My dear child!" she cried. "Here, run all of you, Diana, Andrew, Charlotte, open the corn-crib; get supper!"

All the negroes pressed forward to welcome me, protesting they "had 'spected something, but did n't tink Mas' Jim would a play such a trick on dem."

And so my campaign was ended, and I hung up my pistol for ever.

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Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

WE are glad to find that Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, have actually in press "Robert Buchanan's Poems." His first volume, "Undertones," has been some time in progress, but the public are the gainers by any delay, because in the second edition, just published in London, he has carefully revised the poems, "perfecting the verse rather than changing it" (in the words of a critic), and has added a new poem called "The Siren." It tells the story of a life with wild and wondrous power, and is an allegory to which every one will attach his own interpretation—a riddle which will be "read aright" by all who can appreciate the poet's melody of verse and wealth of imagination. Messrs. Roberts' republication will include both volumes, "Undertones" and "Idyls and Legends of Inverburn," as well

as some fugitive poems. As publishers, they have already shown their estimation of good poetry by their elegant edition of Jean Ingelow's writings, and we doubt not that they will find that Buchanan's works will meet with an equally favorable reception.

—A complete and uniform edition of Thackeray's works may now probably be looked for within a reasonable time, as it is announced officially that Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, the publishers of his earlier works, have disposed of their interest in them to Messrs. Smith & Elder, the house with whom he was, in the latter part of his life, more nearly allied, as the originators of the "Cornhill Magazine," the medium through which nearly all of his recent works were given to the public. Messrs. Chapman & Hall, however, publish some of the "Christmas Books," "The Irish Sketch Book," etc., and there is a large mass of Thackeray's uncollected writings in the back volumes of "Frazer's Magazine," besides the "Paris Sketch Book," and some smaller works never reprinted. How far it is the duty of an editor to include *all* the writings of his author in what purports to be a complete edition, is one of the most puzzling questions of literary ethics. On the one hand, it seems to be the undoubted right of an author to designate the productions that he is willing to abide by, as his title-deeds to the gratitude of posterity; but in the other view, all attempts at suppression of matter once in the hands of the public are vain and of no effect, and its exclusion from the place where it is looked for only excites curiosity and leads to surreptitious republication. An actually complete edition of an author is a thing hardly known in English literature. There is no edition of Sir Walter Scott's works that contains his letters on "Demonology and Witchcraft,"

"History of Scotland," articles for "The Foreign Quarterly Review," etc., owing to the different ownership of these writings. Lord Byron's works are equally incomplete from other reasons. Of Pope we are only now promised his famous character of the Duke of Marlborough (which has remained in manuscript over a century), and some hundred new letters, in the edition commenced by Mr. J. W. Croker, and now carrying on by the Rev. J. W. Eitwyn.

—Coincidence of pursuit and publication, shown in the simultaneous appearance of books on the same subject, when perhaps a number of years may have passed without its attracting a single student, are often noticeable in the book market. An instance occurs in London, where at the same time are brought out two books on jewels: "The Natural History, Ancient and Modern, of Precious Stones and Gems, and of the Precious Metals," by C. M. King, of Trinity College; and "Diamonds and Precious Stones, their History, Value, and distinguishing Characteristics," by Harry Emanuel, one of the most eminent jewellers of the present day. They are both handsomely got up—Mr. King's book being a noble imperial octavo, and the other a prettily illustrated duodecimo. Apart from their scientific claim to notice, there is so much interesting historical gossip current about these beautiful objects, the famous specimens and their former possessors, etc., that both books are full of amusement, and there is but little repetition in either—Mr. King dealing more with their classical and antiquarian relations, and Mr. Emanuel with the practical and commercial side of the question. It was the former gentleman who threw out, in a previous work, the startling suggestion that the precious stones in the Jewish high priest's breastplate, engraved with the names of the Tribes of Israel, being of course indestructible, are no doubt still extant, and will "turn up" some day in the treasury of some oriental monarch. We notice the two authorities are at issue on the treatment of the famous "Koh-i-noor," or Mountain of Light diamond—now chief among the British crown jewels—the spoil of the Panjab, and said in the East to be a fatal possession of ill omen to its owners. Mr. King says the re-cutting, by which it lost 85 carats weight, was "a most ill advised proceeding, which has deprived the stone of all its historical and mineralogical value, giving but a bad, shallow-shaped brilliant of but inferior water." Mr. Emanuel says, that "from a lustreless mass it has become a brilliant, matchless for purity and fire."

—Signs of the passing away of the summer holidays and the recurrence to active business are already abundant. At Boston, Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have opened the fall publishing campaign by the issue of the first and completing volume of Grant White's "Shakespeare's Works," containing a memoir, the poems, etc., with a fine steel portrait and woodcut illustrations; and also in a separate form, "The Life and Genius of Shakespeare," by the same author. Mr. Parkman's new volume, also issued by them, will be welcome to lovers of American history from its subject, "Pioneers of France in the New World," and because it is the first of an intended series, entitled "France and England in North America," devoted to the conflict of the leading European powers for the possession of this continent. Part II., "The Jesuit in the Wilderness," is now in preparation. Mr. Park-

man's "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac" takes rank, among competent judges, as the most satisfactory historical monograph that our literature has produced; and it is gratifying to find that in spite of physical disabilities—that recall the circumstances attending the studies of his friend and fellow-townsmen, W. H. Prescott—he is still pursuing with vigor the line of investigation that he has peculiarly marked out for his own. Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.'s list also includes "The Life and Public Services of Samuel Adams," by his great-grandson, William V. Wells, in three vols. 8vo; a compact and beautifully executed impression of "Edmund Burke's Works," in twelve volumes, the first of which has just appeared; a reprint of Miss Frances Bunnett's translation of Professor H. Grimm's able and elaborate, but somewhat heavy and diffuse, "Life of Michael Angelo," in two volumes, small 8vo, from the London edition of Smith & Elder; "The Life and Speeches of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States," edited by Frank Moore; "The Taxpayer's Manual," by Hon. George Boutwell; and new editions, corrected by Judge Redfield, of Story's "Equity Pleadings" and "Conflict of Laws."

—Another book, announced by the same house, "Epictetus, translated by Elizabeth Carter, and edited by T. W. Higginson," is worth notice, because it shows that we are getting independent of the mother country in the matter of the supply of books. This translation, famous from the merit and repute of the authoress, appeared in 1758, and in the one hundred and seven years since, but three editions have ever been called for in England. Perhaps five thousand copies in all, at the outside, may have been printed. Finding the work still in demand, Messrs. Little & Brown, instead of hunting after the old copies, and running them up to an exorbitant price, wisely put in the market an elegant reprint, and will, we doubt not, sell more copies in five years from its date than have been disposed of in England during the century of its existence. The particulars of the first edition are preserved, and give us some insight into the subscription system of the day. Miss Carter was already celebrated for her virtues and accomplishments when she undertook the translation. Greek scholars of the "weaker sex" were then scarcer than they have since become, and attracted a corresponding degree of attention. Her subscription list consequently comprised the most eminent names of the day, to the number of one thousand and thirty-one, at a guinea each. The copies struck off were one thousand two hundred and sixty-eight, and so moderate was the expense of the paper and print at that time, when advertising, too, "was not," that, after paying the cost of producing the book (a very handsome quarto), one thousand pounds remained as the pecuniary reward of the fair translator.

—Messrs. Ticknor & Fields' announcements are at present confined to books to be published during the current month, September. If to be followed up for the remainder of the season at the same rate, they indicate great activity in this energetic, enterprising house. They comprise "Recollections of Seventy Years," by Mrs. John Farrar—a pleasant sample of this work, "A Visit to the Edgeworths," was given in the last "Atlantic Monthly"; "Lyrics of Life," by Robert Browning (a selection, we believe, from poems already published); "Life and Letters of Rev. Frederick W. Robertson," 2 volumes; "Atalanta in Calydon," by Algernon Charles Swinburne; "Hesperus," by Jean Paul Richter, translated by Charles T. Brooks; and "Poems," by Henry Howard Brownell, a new and complete edition.

—It will be some time before we hear the last of the fire so disastrous to literature already mentioned in our columns as fatal to the library of Mr. Offer and several other collections. In one case, what remains only excites commiseration for the magnitude of what was lost. The catalogue of Lord Charlemont's library was issued previous to the fire at Messrs. Sotheby's. It contained 2,477 lots. Of these 233 only were saved, partly in a damaged condition. They were recently sold with all faults, in the state that they escaped from the flames, and brought the sum of £4,100. If the produce of the destroyed part had been in the same proportion, it must have been by far the most valuable collection ever sold in England. The rarities were almost entirely in English dramatic and poetical literature, a class of subjects now in the very highest vogue amongst book-buyers. A fine copy of the first folio Shakespeare (1623), "in old red morocco binding, with tooled borders, one of the purest and cleanest copies known, measuring 12½ inches by 8.5-16" (such are the minutiae affection loves to dwell on), brought £455. A number of the Shakespeare quarto plays followed, but their condition was not equal to those in Mr. Daniels' library, and they sold for less prices, the highest being "Much Ado about Nothing," first edition (1600), which sold for £155; "Gammer Gurton's Needle" (1575), bound up with five other plays by Peele, etc., went (very low) for £21 10s.; Lord Buckhurst's "Tragedie of Ferrex and Porrex" (1561), £26; Stephen Hawes' "Historie of La Grande Amour and La Bel Pucel" (1554), £56; Milton's autograph and MS. notes in a

copy of "Lycophron," Gr. et Lat. (Geneva, 1601), £42 10s.; Milton's "Comus," "printed for Humphrey Robinson at the sign of the Three Pidgeons," etc. (1637), £23; Spenser's "Faery Queen," first edition, in twelve books, two volumes (1590-6), £40 10s.; Higden's "Polyconicon, Englished by Trevisa, emprinted by me William Caxton" (1480), wanting two leaves, £477 15s.; "Roman de la Rose," a MS., with thirty-five illustrations, £242 11s. We might go on giving the entire particulars of this remarkable (and all things considered) lamentable sale, as the class of books it was so rich in is sought for with as much interest in America as England, but want of space forbids. Several rare early tracts on Virginia formed a portion of it, as R. Rich's "Newes from Virginia," a unique poem (1610), £63; Captain John Smith's "Map of Virginia" (1612), £25; "Virginia Nova Britannia," etc. (1609), £13 13s.; "The New Life of Virginia" (1612), £16; "Good Speed to Virginia" (1609), £10; and several others.

—So well worn a subject as the Life of William Cowper, the poet, receives some fresh illustrations from the researches of Mr. John Bruce, the editor of the revised Aldine impression of his poems. The memoir by Mr. Bruce comprises two hundred pages, and includes Cowper's correspondence with, and early MSS. poems addressed to, his cousin Theodora, his first love, the daughter of his uncle Ashley Cowper, in whose house he was domesticated when a youth, and in accordance with whose will the connexion ceased. Theodora Cowper was never married, but survived until 1824. She was in her declining life subject to the same hereditary melancholy that poisoned the springs of existence in the poet's career. Even after Southey's diligence, Mr. Bruce has reaped a harvest of much novel information, and intends to write a biography of Cowper on a large scale, to which the Aldine memoir is a subsidiary contribution.

—A brisk competition is in progress for the succession to the chair of belles-lettres in the University of Edinburgh, lately occupied by Professor Aytoun. Among the men of mark engaged in the pursuit are sundry persons so variously gifted, that the official duties of the professorship must be of a highly elastic nature to suit such diverse qualifications. The list is headed by Professor David Masson, the biographer of Milton; Dr. William Hanna, the divine, and biographer of Chalmers; Dr. Daniel Wilson, late of Toronto University, the antiquarian, and ethnological author of "Pre-historic Man," etc.; Mr. George Macdonald, poet and novelist, author of "Phantastes," etc., and several other men of local celebrity, whose fame has scarcely crossed the Tweed or the Atlantic Ocean. The nomination belongs to Sir George Grey, the Secretary of State for Home Affairs.

—Prof. De Morgan, the eminent mathematician, who brings to the study of the deepest scientific subjects an invincible vivacity and freshness that contrast strangely with the sobriety of tone usually observed in such discussions, has constituted himself an amateur "literary (or rather scientific) detective;" and a series of papers, entitled "A Budget of Paradoxes" (shortly to appear in an independent shape), exposes some of the current fallacies that are thrust on the public by ignorant or half-learned men, which often gain a notice from the confidence that usually accompanies the want of true knowledge. Squarers of the circle, inventors of perpetual motion, etc., are treated by him without mercy, and he often finds higher game in more respectable quarters. The last number contains a remarkable instance of the difficulty of reasoning well upon matters which are not familiar. Sir George Cornewall Lewis was one of the first scholars and practical statesmen of the day. His "Historical Survey of the Astronomy of the Ancients" is a work of great learning and research, treating many interesting questions in a manner that throws doubt on questions of antiquity, as the interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics, etc., which has been considered settled, and exhibiting throughout unusual critical acuteness. Yet even here strange oversights are visible. In discussing the observations of the heavenly bodies attributed to Eudoxus, the Greek astronomer, Sir G. C. Lewis gives his recorded estimate of the revolutions of the five planets known to the ancients, accompanying it with "the true time subjoined for the sake of comparison." This true time is of course calculated from our present Copernican standpoint of the motion of the planets round the sun, and it never once struck him that this idea was entirely unknown to Eudoxus, whose calculations were made on the only system then accepted—the geocentric—by which the planets were supposed to move round the earth. Prof. De Morgan gives several other instances, from the same work, to illustrate "the melancholy truth that no one knows enough to write about what he does not know," while praising its general value and importance.

—The indefatigable George Augustus Sala seems determined to leave no quarter of the world unvisited or undescribed by his pen. Messrs. Tinsley Brothers have in press his "Trip to Barbary by a Roundabout Way." In his professional capacity he followed the French Emperor on his late visit to

Algiers, and his new book is probably composed from materials acquired during the journey. The same publishers announce a new work by Mr. Lawrence (the author of "Guy Livingston"), whose adventures as a would-be volunteer in the cause of the Confederate States, ending with his detention and confinement in Virginia, will be recalled among the amusing incidents connected with the rebellion, as dolefully related by himself. His forthcoming novel is entitled "Sans Merci; or, The Last Stoop of a Falcon."

—The number and value of books now imported show, by comparison with the same time last year, how great is the field opened to competition by the reduction of war prices, owing to the fall in the value of gold, etc. Among the books that were for a time virtually prohibited, but now again make their appearance at our stores, are the handy and convenient "Tauchnitz" series of "British Authors," comprising some five hundred volumes, or more, of the best modern light literature, in a really "pocket form," so commodious for use that it is surprising it has not superseded the elongated pamphlet shape—awkward to read and inconvenient to carry—that is most affected by our purveyors of novels. Baron Tauchnitz, for the success of his enterprise has raised him to the rank of the nobility, deserves credit for the manner in which his business is conducted. No book appears in his collection without an agreement for compensation with the author. The effect of this, though often in reality of inconsiderable amount (we dare say), is inexpressibly soothing to a writer, who is propitiated by any recognition of his claim to ownership in the produce of his brain. The same system, to our knowledge, is now practiced by all the respectable American publishing houses who reprint foreign books. The Tauchnitz books are kept in stock and supplied by F. A. Leypoldt, the German bookseller and publisher of 646 Broadway.

—One of whom the public hear but too little, Prof. Agassiz, will shortly address, through the medium of publication, a larger audience than those who were so fortunate as to attend his "Lectures on the Structure of Animal Life," delivered before the Brooklyn Institute. The six lectures of the course comprise: I. Four different plans of structure among animals; II. Relative standing or gradation of the animal kingdom; III. Remote antiquity of animal life, as shown with coral reefs; IV. Physical history of the earth—man the ultimate object; V. Triple coincidence in the successive gradation and growth of animals; VI. Evidence of an intelligent and constantly creative mind in the plans and variations of structure. It will be seen from the contents how closely these lectures touch upon the questions mooted in the discussions of modern naturalists and philosophers. On such points the voice of Professor Agassiz is potential, and is listened to as coming from one who speaks with an authority that is respected on both continents. His new work will form a handsome octavo volume with illustrations, and is shortly to be published by Messrs. C. Scribner & Co.

—Looking back at the past, we should be inclined to say that illustration had done its best—and its worst—for Shakespeare. Mr. Howard Staunton's "Memorials," just published in a handsome folio, supplies, however, a few necessary links of the chain of materials that constitute our knowledge of the poet, and gives to distant amateurs the same facilities for their study as if the originals were before them. It contains a photo-lithographed reproduction of Shakespeare's will, with a letter-press rendering, preserving all the minutiae of the original, and copies of all documents connected with it, from the "Act Book of the Court of Probate, Doctors Commons," never before made public, and now procured by permission of the chief judge; also, fac-similes of the legal deeds connected with Shakespeare's signature and property, as the deed of conveyance of his house in Blackfriars, and the mortgage on the same, from the Guildhall and British Museum Libraries. "Matchless" photographs from the Chandos picture, the Droeshout engraving, etc., are also given, with annotation by the editor.

—There is a remarkable identity of dissimilarity or contrariety in the careers of two of the great living writers of France, M. Victor Cousin and M. Michelet. The one started in life as a philosopher, and the other as a historian. At a comparatively late date, when their fame in each vocation was established all over Europe, the philosopher turns historian, and the historian by an equally singular change of position becomes, what for want of a more proper name may be called a philosopher, though scorning any limitations in his trackless path through nature and man. M. Cousin's history, however, is far better than M. Michelet's philosophy. His monographs on Madame de Longueville and the heroines and heroes of the stormy times of the French annals that preceded the accession of Louis XIV., show great skill and a genuine love for historical research, rare in one who has acquired so famous a name for more abstract studies. His last published work, "La Jeunesse de Mazarin," sketches the rise of the great minister, though M. Cousin declines entering into the entire subject of his administration as too large for his accomplishment.

MR. PARKMAN'S HISTORICAL NARRATIVES.*

MR. PARKMAN'S "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac" long since established his reputation not only as a careful and exact student of some of the obscurer passages of American colonial history, but as far better acquainted than any other living writer with the habits and character of the Indian races on this continent. It showed that he was admirably qualified to treat of those portions of our annals in which the Indians were prominent actors, and to exhibit in a true light their motives and character, and their relations to the early settlers. He had fitted himself for this work not merely by thorough research, but also by personal acquaintance and familiarity with the existing descendants of the aboriginal tribes, and by personal inspection of the localities in which the chief events of their history had been transacted. The reputation thus justly acquired will be confirmed and established by the present volume, in which the qualities that distinguished the preceding work of its author are displayed in mature development.

This is the first of a series of historical narratives for which he has laboriously collected the materials, and in which he hopes to treat of the springs of American civilization. The proper treatment of this subject would be a difficult and long task for any one, however well supplied with the needed appliances and enjoying the fulness of health.

Mr. Parkman, as we learn from a passage in his introduction, has accomplished the first part of his undertaking under circumstances that would have discouraged any man not possessed of indomitable constancy and unrelaxing vigor of character. His perseverance under trials so severe as those modestly enumerated in the following passage, and the success he has attained, win for him alike the sympathy and the respect of his reader. His example is one to be admired and emulated by students wearied or disheartened by the comparatively trivial difficulties that often attend literary work.

"To those," he says, "who have aided him with information and documents the extreme slowness in the progress of the work will naturally have caused surprise. This slowness was unavoidable. During the past eighteen years, the state of his health has exacted throughout an extreme caution in regard to mental application, reducing it at least within narrow and precarious limits, and often precluding it. Indeed, for two periods, each of several years, any attempt at bookish occupation would have been merely suicidal. A condition of sight arising from kindred sources has also retarded the work, since it has never permitted reading or writing continuously for much more than five minutes, and often has not permitted them at all. A previous work, 'The Conspiracy of Pontiac,' was written in similar circumstances."

The volume before us consists of two separate narratives: one entitled "Huguenots in Florida," the other, "Champlain and his Associates." The first of these striking passages in the early history of North America has had no modern historian. It has been briefly told before, but Mr. Parkman gives it with a detail that enables him to reproduce vividly both the actors of this tragic drama and the stage upon which its bloody scenes occurred. It will be a new story to most readers, even to those well versed in the early records of our history, and its romantic incidents form a fitting sequel to the voyage of Ponce de Leon, his search for the fountain of youth, and his discovery of the *flowery* land named Florida. The story of Champlain and his associates has been better known and more thoroughly investigated. But Mr. Parkman has given fresh interest to his narrative by the addition of some new details, by skilfully connecting Champlain's efforts with those of the earlier French settlers in Canada, and by his special acquaintance with the scenes of Champlain's labors, and with the history, tribal relations, and customs of the Indians. Champlain's character and achievements have never before been so clearly presented and so picturesquely portrayed.

Mr. Parkman belongs to the school of picturesque and biographic, rather than to that of philosophic historians. His general remarks are characterized by good sense, and his reflections are natural and to the point.

Dealing with the beginnings of civilized society in North America, with events upon a small scale, and with personages who took but little part in the great affairs of their times, he is enabled to give a fulness and completeness to his narratives which would have been of difficult attainment had their threads been more interwoven with the main web of history. Moreover, the early settlements in North America—Spanish, French, or English—had had little influence on the course of our own history. They were not real colonies, and it is curious to observe in Mr. Parkman's volume how slowly any genuine idea of colonization developed in the minds either of the promoters or the members of the early expeditions for settlement of the

country. The love of adventure, the hope of gain, and the ardor for conversion of the heathen savages, were the three great impelling motives of these early voyagers. The love of adventure was often quenched by hardship, the hope of gain was often disappointed, the ardor for conversion often burnt out; but as often as one expedition was ruined or failed, others followed, lured on by the vague mystery, the unfulfilled promise, the boundless scope, of the New World. All through the sixteenth century, fleet after fleet set sail from the harbors of Spain, of France, of England, sent forth by royal bounty, by trading companies, by individual enterprise, and carrying adventurers of every class and description to seek their fortunes, to discover gold, to find the short way to the East, to save their own souls by bringing the wild heathen within the fold of Christ. How few of these adventurers of the sixteenth century succeeded! The French killed the Spaniards, the Spaniards massacred the French, the English fought them both. It is throughout a story of great expectations, of great hopes and great miseries. It is a wretched story of noble energies wasted; of sacrifices unrewarded; of bloodshed, cruelty, and perfidy; of Christian no less than heathen crime and suffering.

Old feudal Europe, in its decrepit days, strove to lay hands on the new land that had been raised out of the deep. It sent its nobles and its priests over to carry to it the highest fruits of European civilization. It practised its old trade of tyranny, extortion, and violence. It tried to hold the New World in its grasp, by charters and patents and papal bulls. But, by the grace of God, this continent existed not for kings! *Dei gratia*, and was no part of the patrimony of St. Peter. Feudal Europe failed. It tried for a hundred years, and it did not succeed in planting a single vigorous colony. No colonies drawing sustenance and existence from the Old World were to succeed in North America. The colonists that were to found the new civilization, the new social order, were to be cut off from dependence on Europe, were to come to America for the sake of independence; were to come not seeking gold or adventure—not bent on conversion of the heathen—not to build up the failing fortunes of noble or king, or to enrich a company of piratical traders. They were to come bent on saving their own souls in their own way—bent on getting rid of feudalism, and living where they could be free from its oppressive influence.

The colonists of the seventeenth century were of a wholly new order. They reversed the old conditions. The pilgrims of 1620 came prepared—nay, determined—to found a commonwealth, a true city of God. They were neither traders nor missionaries, but they established their little state on the two pillars that could alone afford a sure foundation for it—the pillars of industry and religion.

The colonists of France and Spain, when, at length, real colonists came from these kingdoms to the New World, never separated themselves from the Old. They depended on it, and it failed them. Never was there a finer colonial scheme than that of France in North America. Vast sums of money were expended to maintain it. But New France had no vital energy in itself; it was worked and managed from abroad. With the resources of a kingdom to support it, it never prospered. It was from beginning to end a contrast to New England. This contrast, suggested by Mr. Parkman's book, is one of the most interesting and important spectacles in the history of the world. The principles which underlie the development of modern, New World, American civilization are involved in it; and the very character and forms of the institutions peculiar to America are hardly to be fairly understood without reference to those with which in their rudimentary days they were brought into sharpest conflict. If Mr. Parkman should, as we trust, be able to go on with his scheme, he will give us the means by which to judge of and understand the first elements of American civilization. We could not have a more conscientious and painstaking instructor.

Mr. Parkman's style is excellent; careful without pedantry, animated without exaggeration; and if his descriptions are now and then a little over-labored, they are more often truly picturesque. His book will take a place among the authorities of American history, and will add his name to the list of those historians who have done honor to American literature.

THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY.*

THE wide circulation obtained by this work and its successors we attribute to their clever interfusion, and, indeed, we might almost say confusion, of history and fiction with religion. They offer neither the best

* "France and England in North America. A Series of Historical Narratives, by Francis Parkman, author of 'History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac,' 'Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life,' etc. Part First. Pioneers of France in the New World." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1865. Small 8vo, pp. xxii. 420.

* "Hearthstone Series: Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family: The Early Dawn: Sketches of Christian Life in England in the Olden Time; Sketches of the United Brethren of Bohemia and Moravia; Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan: A Story of the Times of Whitefield and the Wesleys." New York: Tibbals & Whiting. 3 vols. 1865.

* "Mary, the Handmaid of the Lord. By the Author of 'The Schönberg-Cotta Family,' etc." New York: M. W. Dodd. 1865.

history, the best piety, nor the best fiction, but they appeal to a public which has long since become reconciled to compromise—that extensive public, so respectable in everything but its literary taste, which patronizes what is called “Sunday reading.” We do not propose to examine the theory of this branch of literature. It is an implicitly accepted fact. We propose simply to offer a few remarks upon the works before us as its fruit.

The foremost property of the school to which these works belong is an attempted, and, to a certain degree, successful, compromise between the interests of youth and those of maturity, between the serious and the trivial. This, indeed, is the mark of a vast proportion of the efforts of modern book-making—efforts which in their aggregate may be regarded as an attempt to provide a special literature for women and children, to provide books which grown women may read aloud to children without either party being bored. Books of this class never aim at anything so simple as merely to entertain. They frequently contain, as in the present case, an infusion of religious and historical information, and they in all cases embody a moral lesson. This latter fact is held to render them incompetent as novels; and doubtless, after all, it does, for of a genuine novel the meaning and the lesson are infinite; and here they are carefully narrowed down to a special precept.

It would be unjust to deny that these semi-developed novels are often very charming. Occasionally, like the “Heir of Redclyffe,” they almost legitimate themselves by the force of genius. But this only when a first-rate mind takes the matter in hand. By a first-rate mind we here mean a mind which (since its action is restricted beforehand to the shortest gait, the smallest manners possible this side of the ridiculous) is the master and not the slave of its material. It is just now very much the fashion to discuss the so-called principle of realism, and we all know that there exists in France a school of art in which it is associated with great brilliancy and great immorality. The disciples of this school pursue, with an assiduity worthy of a better cause, the research of local colors, with which they have produced a number of curious effects. We believe, however, that the greatest successes in this line are reserved for that branch of the school which contains the most female writers; for if women are unable to draw, they notoriously can at all events paint, and this is what realism requires. For an exhibition of the true realistic *chique* we would accordingly refer that body of artists who are represented in France by MM. Flaubert and Gérôme to that class of works which in our own literature are represented by the “Daisy Chain” and “The Wide, Wide World,” and to which the “Chronicles” before us essentially belong. Until the value of *chique* can be finally established, we should doubtless be thankful that in our literature it lends its vivifying force only to objects and sensations of the most unquestioned propriety. In these “Chronicles,” for instance, it is impressed into the service of religion. In this particular instance, the healthy, if not very lively, fancy of the author, her pleasant style, and her apparent religious sincerity, secure a result which on the whole is not uninteresting. But the radical defects of the theological novel come out strongly in the “Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan,” where the story is but a thin coating for a bitter pill of Methodism. We are all of us Protestants, and we are all of us glad to see the Reformation placed in its most favorable light, but as we are not all of us Methodists, it is hard to sympathize with a lady’s *ex parte* treatment of John Wesley. Our authoress does not claim to be more than superficial, and it were better not to touch Methodism at all than to handle it superficially. It is probably impossible that such of the phenomena of Methodism as might with any show of likelihood find an echo in the daily jottings of an ordinary country girl should be other than repulsive to the impartial reader.

The “Chronicles” present a kind of tabular view of the domestic pursuits of a group of growing boys and girls, contemporaries and friends of Martin Luther. Of this, the central figure in her narrative, the authoress has discreetly given us only a portrait in profile. Her object has been to give us a household picture of the Reformation. But it is the misfortune of short-gaited writers that they are unable to carry out an idea which demands any continuity of purpose. They enjoy, however, this compensation, that if they do not succeed in one thing, they may reasonably be held to have succeeded in another. Of history in the “Chronicles” there is just as much as may have been obtained by an attentive perusal of M. Merle d’Aubigné. But there is a great deal of what has been very wittily called “her story.” A very small part of the Reformation must necessarily have been seen from the leaded window-panes of an obscure Saxon printer. But a certain infinitesimal portion of it may very naturally have transpired in the quaint and wainscotted rooms behind these window-panes, especially if the printer’s family happened to boast the acquaintance of Doctor Luther. When we have said that the author has conveyed the impression of all this Gothic furniture with tolerable success, we have given to the truthfulness of her work the highest praise at our command. For this a pleasing fancy was

alone required; but for those more difficult portions which involved the reconstruction of feelings and ideas, there was need of that vigorous imagination and that serious reflection which can stand on tiptoe and overlook three centuries of civilization.

The author’s whole tone is the tone of the retrospective present. She anticipates throughout the judgments of posterity. Morally, her young chroniclers are of the nineteenth century, or they at least have had access to it. The subjects of great revolutions are like the rank and file of great armies, they are all unconscious of the direction and force of the movement to which they contribute. Our civil war has taught us, among so many other valuable lessons, the gross natural blindness—that is, we are bound in reason to believe, the clear spiritual insight—of great popular impulses. It has intimated that if these were of men only they would often miscarry for very shame. But men’s natural deserts are frequently at variance with their spiritual needs; and they are allowed to execute the divine plan not only by their own petty practices, but on their own petty theories; not only by obedience but by spontaneity. We are very apt to do small things in God’s name, but God does great things in ours. The sagacious Schönbergs-Cotta are by far too divinely illumined, too well aware of what they want, and of what they are likely to get. There must have been a great deal more of feeling than of thought in the Reformation, and almost as much of action as of either. People loved and hated, and feared and fought, and—a fact, we imagine, which is near the bottom of much that is of revolutionary effect—were dreadfully nervous; but we may be certain that they did not moralize as we moralize now-a-days. Protestantism is still on the whole sufficiently orthodox; but we are all of us more or less Unitarians in spirit compared with the founders of our creed. What was done both by them and by their opponents was done in the absolute name of religion. How then should it have been done at all? “When half-gods go,” says Emerson, “the gods arrive.” Assuredly, when the gods arrive, the half-gods depart. When religion enters in force, moral pre-occupations withdraw. Duty was not probably an habitual topic with the Reformers. We doubt whether a simple burgher’s daughter was familiar with the word “conscientious.” That she had a conscience is eminently probable, but we hardly believe that she knew it. Nor can we conceive her to have been troubled with “views” or “difficulties.” But however this may be, let us not bear severely on any honest attempt to revive the great facts of the past. If people must indulge in the composition of ingenious nothings, let their nothings be about a central something. Let us hang our fancies rather upon the immortal than upon the ephemeral. Works like the present affect the great figure of history as much and as little as the travelling cloud-shadows affect the insensitive mountains.

JESSE H. JONES ON SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.*

SUCH is the title of a work, recently issued from the press, the object of which is to refute the philosophy of Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Mansel, and those who agree with them, as against the theories of Cousin, Coleridge, and their followers. It is a work upon the basis and in the interest of that particular form of the transcendental philosophy advocated by Dr. Hickock. Taking this system as his stand-point and base of supplies, the author proceeds gallantly to do battle against the principles of the Hamiltonian or, as he chooses to call it, the *limitist* philosophy.

On what ground Mr. Herbert Spencer is classed with the disciples and followers of Hamilton we do not precisely see. We have never considered Mr. Spencer as belonging or professing to belong to that school. So far as regards the acceptance or rejection of the views of Cousin and the transcendentalists of that type, we presume Mr. Spencer stands on common ground with the disciples of Hamilton. But so also do very many who would by no means call themselves Hamiltonians. Indeed, the principle of classification adopted by our author seems to be the somewhat peculiar one of placing together in one class all those who bow at the shrine of Cousin, Coleridge, and Hickock, as the tutelary divinities of all true philosophy, and in the other class all those who do *not* worship at that particular altar—a method of classification, we submit, neither scientific nor sensible. It is the same principle on which a popular conundrum groups together the antediluvians and the elephant in Barnum’s Museum, on the ground that neither could speak French.

We must say, in justice to the work before us, that it is written with a very commendable degree of vigor and sharpness. It is evidently the work of a young man, and we like it none the less for that. It is written, not as a book made to order, but, as it should be, *con amore*, and because the

* “Know the Truth; a Critique on the Hamiltonian Theory of Limitation, Including some Strictures upon the theories of Rev. Henry J. Mansel and Mr. Herbert Spencer. By Jesse H. Jones.” New York: Hurd & Houghton.

writer could not help it. No one can blame him for writing. It was a case of sheer necessity. We do not doubt that Mr. Jones would have exploded ere this had he not written. No man can drink so copiously of the waters of that fountain whence our author derives his inspiration and long survive, unless he sit down quickly and write a book.

We do not propose, in this brief notice, to discuss the philosophy of the book in detail, or to enter at all into the merits of the system on which it is based. We have neither space nor disposition for such a discussion. We shall merely point out a few things which strike us, at first glance, as obvious defects in the work before us, and which seem to demand notice.

In the first place, there is about it, as in most of the productions that emanate from this school, a certain air and assumption of superior wisdom which is not warranted by any actual superiority of the system to other systems, or of its disciples to other men. It appears at first sight, and everywhere, on these pages. It is the fault, as we have said, not of the book alone, but of the school to which it belongs. To call it by its proper name, it is simple conceit—honest enough, as conceit usually is, but wholly uncalled for, and verging closely upon the ridiculous. We know of no mutual admiration society to be compared with that which, by a sort of tacit consent, seems to exist among this particular class of philosophers. Were there by any means to be a convocation of them in any one place, we should expect the whole assembly, for about the space of one hour, to cry out with one accord and one voice, "Great is Cousin, great are Coleridge and Dr. Hickock, and great are their disciples."

Now we would by no means withhold the tribute of a just admiration for any true and earnest thinker—and such, we freely admit, are those now mentioned—but there are also others equally earnest and equally profound who are not of that school; and for any clique or coterie, however respectable or numerous, to set up itself and its idol as *the* men, and its philosophy as the true system of the universe, is, to say the least, a piece of assumption that is not in good taste. But we have no wish to be severe in the matter. The fault which we criticize is amusing rather than otherwise. It reminds us of the philosopher who, when asked why he allowed his wife to beat him so furiously, replied, "Oh, it amuses the little woman, and does not hurt me." On this principle, we submit without further protest, and with all due resignation, to such utterances as the following: "Since the followers of Sir William Hamilton, whom we will hereafter term limitists, have neglected to take the great truths enunciated by the American metaphysician (in his work), and apply them to their own system, and so be convinced by their own study of the worthlessness of that system, it becomes their opponents, in the interest of truth, to perform this work in their stead," etc. (page 4). "Believing this system to be thoroughly vicious in its tendencies—being such, indeed, as would, if carried out, undermine the whole Christian religion; and, what is of equal importance, being false to the facts in man's soul as God's creature, the writer will attempt to achieve the just named and so desirable result" (*i. e.* the destruction of the Hamiltonian system of philosophy"), page 8.

It is always well to know what to expect; and it was certainly kind in our author to give his opponents due warning of their impending danger.

The head and front of the offence committed by the system of philosophy which Mr. Jones feels himself called upon to demolish is its refusal to acknowledge the existence in man of a faculty of knowing, by immediate or intuitive perception, the infinite and the absolute, or, in other words, the faculty of the unconditioned. This, according to the philosophy of Cousin, Coleridge & Co., is, under the name of the *Reason*, the chief and crowning faculty of the human mind—a faculty as far above the understanding as the heavens are above the earth. By it the human mind perceives, by direct vision, and not through the slow process of the understanding, not only all first truths or principles, but the infinite and absolute Being in whom these first truths inhere. It knows him not by inference, comparison, conclusion, but by direct vision. It "intuits" him, to use a favorite term of our author. The reason, he constantly assures us, is the eye by which man directly and immediately perceives all first truths, and deity as the source and centre of all.

Now that Hamilton, in common, it must be said, with the great body of philosophers, ancient and modern, denies the existence in man of any such faculty as that now described, a power of immediate perception of the infinite and absolute, direct vision of deity, and the like, is very true. It has seemed to him, and to them, that there are limits to the human mind—that it cannot pass those limits—that the infinite, the absolute, the eternal, can be known but imperfectly, and in part, not by *immediate perception*, and not as he is in himself; that, for the present, we see only through a glass, darkly; and not by direct vision, as face to face.

If, however, it should be inferred from this that the Hamiltonian philosophy denies the existence of first truths, or of the power of the human

mind to perceive and recognize first truths, and that by immediate knowledge, or intuitively, it would be a great mistake; and it is precisely this mistake that our author uniformly and persistently makes. One would never infer from his pages that the existence of such a thing as a first truth had ever been admitted by those whom he combats, if, indeed, by anybody outside of his own little coterie of thinkers. It is everywhere assumed, if not in so many words affirmed, that Hamilton, and those who follow him, entirely *ignore* this whole class of truths; whereas the fact is entirely opposite. No class of writers, of whatever school, period, or nationality, English, French, or German, have so uniformly and constantly held the doctrine, and have so fully and successfully elaborated the problem of this class of truths, as that whole school of philosophers commonly called the *Scotch*, from Reid downward. Not only have they explicitly maintained the existence of first truths, but they have expressly pointed out *universality* and *necessity* as among the marks or conditions of such truth. So also Reid, Stuart, Hamilton, Mansel, *et id genus omne*. That these truths are perceived not by comparison and reasoning, but immediately and intuitively by the mind, is also held by those of this school. They do not, however, as already stated, include the infinite and absolute, nor deity as a being infinite and absolute, among the first truths thus perceived by intuition or immediate knowledge, and herein they differ from the school to which our author belongs.

"Give me to see, that I may know where to strike," is the motto affixed by Mr. Jones to his book. We fear that, in this instance, the prayer has not been granted; since, in the form of the facts as now stated, we find him making such assertions as the following:

"It is the *essential* tenet of their whole scheme that the human mind nowhere, and under no circumstances, makes an affirmation which it unreservedly qualifies as necessary and universal." (Page 12.)

Mr. Jones seems to have fallen unconsciously into the not uncommon error of reasoning in a circle in respect to the divine existence and the veracity of our faculties, as Descartes and other great thinkers have also done. The reason, he maintains, gives us God as an object of direct perception. That he is, and is what he is, lies among the first truths of the reason. We cannot prove his existence. We know it by consciousness, by immediate vision; but how do we know that this organ of immediate vision, this eye of the soul, is itself trustworthy? The answer is, We know that it is so, because God, who made it, will not *deceive*. Thus, on page 16, speaking of a standard of beauty as instinctively affirmed by the mind, he remarks: "And this conclusion is true, because God, who made us, and constructed the ground whereon this affirmation springs, is true." The evidence of the divine existence is thus made to depend on the veracity of our faculties, and the veracity of our faculties in turn on the divine being and character. We do not know that God is true, except as the reason perceives him to be so; and we do not know that the reason is trustworthy, except as God is true.

We have a more serious difficulty with the position which our author assumes respecting the divine consciousness. He maintains that, in the divine mind or consciousness, subject and object are identical. As man, the finite person, in the process of self-knowledge, is himself both subject and object; so deity, or the infinite and absolute spiritual person, is always, and in all his knowledge and consciousness, himself at once subject and object of that knowledge. We do not see how, if this be so, we can escape the conclusion of a thorough-going Pantheism. If the divine being, as self-conscious subject, is identical with all that comes before his mind as object, then he *includes* all things, and *is* all things, in himself. In fact this is expressly admitted by our author:

"He distinguishes his self, as object, from no what else, because *there is no else* [the italics are ours] to distinguish his self from; but having an exhaustive self-comprehension, he distinguishes within that self all possible forms of being each from each" (p. 62). To the same effect: "Because, possessing all fulness, *he is actually everything*, by this characteristic feature of completeness he distinguishes himself from nothing, *which is all there is* (if nothing—void—can be said to be) *beside him*, and forming part which there is within him" (p. 69).

It would hardly be possible to state more explicitly the essential doctrine of Pantheism than in the above language. Suppose, then, the object of the divine knowledge to be that peculiar personage whom the Scriptures call Satan—Mr. Jones, we presume, believes in the existence and reality of such a personage, and that as real existence he is an object of divine knowledge. As thus known, does deity distinguish this being from himself, or are they identical?

We have not space for further criticism. If we dissent from the fundamental positions of our author, it is in no spirit of unkindness nor from any desire to find fault. We recognize the candor and earnestness of the writer

and admire his boldness. With many of his criticisms upon Mr. Spencer we heartily agree. But to demolish the philosophy of Sir William Hamilton, should such a result in the progress of human events become desirable, will require other weapons than those of this book or the school from which it emanates.

MILITARY SURGERY.*

WHEN the time comes for striking a balance in the account of profit and loss which the country has sustained through the war which has been so happily brought to a successful termination, the advantages which have accrued to the medical sciences will be no inconsiderable items in the sum total of benefits. Many doubtful points have been settled, many old doctrines demolished, many new principles established, and thus in those departments of knowledge which especially relate to the preservation of life and the alleviation of human suffering, as well as in others, the world has profited to an extent which now can scarcely be estimated at its full value.

Like all sciences which exhibit real progress, military surgery has been of slow growth. Three hundred years ago amputations were performed with red-hot knives, and the bleeding stumps were dipped in boiling oil or melted pitch for the purpose of arresting hemorrhage; the wounded were often killed to put them out of pain and save trouble; and less than twenty years have elapsed since the barbarous practice of enlarging gunshot wounds by free incisions was insisted upon as highly necessary.

But with each improvement in the means of destruction employed by armies, the surgery of war took giant strides, until at present—although very far from having attained to perfection—it is greatly in advance of its position at any former period. The minié ball is the last refinement upon the devices of mankind for injuring each other in battle, and to it we also owe many of the more important principles of treatment which have recently been established. And thus it is always. A distinguished French military surgeon has remarked that "the circumstances which contribute most to the destruction of man are likewise those out of which he deduces the best measures for his preservation."

But whilst other nations were able to do much for the progress of military surgery, we in this country had, until the rebellion, done almost nothing. The Revolutionary war, that of 1812, the numerous Indian wars, and the campaigns fought out on the plains and mountains of Mexico, were literally barren of results for the science in question. Why this was so, it is needless to enquire at present. The imputation cannot, however, in justice be made with reference to the war which has just been brought to a close, for never in the history of the world has a great struggle been so fruitful in ameliorations in the treatment of the sick and wounded of armies as that which, for four long and dreary years, brought sorrow to many a loyal and disloyal household.

It would be out of place for us to point out specifically the matters in which advancement has taken place. Many of them are fully discussed in Dr. Hamilton's excellent treatise, and we must leave to the medical journals the duty of still further elaboration. Dr. Hamilton is the first who has made a systematic attempt to bring together the facts and results belonging to military surgery, which the late rebellion enabled our medical officers to collect. That he will not be the last, is very certain. The material is so great in amount, and the field so extensive, that we shall expect to see the book before us followed, ere long, by others giving us the results of their authors' experience, and adding to the reputation which American military surgeons have already acquired. Dr. Hamilton's work does much to free us from the reproach under which we have heretofore labored. It is an eminently practical treatise, clearly written, and filled with the details of cases not only interesting in themselves, but important as conveying much sound information on difficult and mooted points. The author is certainly not a venturesome practitioner. He prefers laboring quietly and securely, to dangerous and brilliant, though oftentimes successful, experimentation in his attempts to save the lives and limbs of his patients. As a guide for students and young or inexperienced practitioners, his book can scarcely be too highly commended; and, as to the experienced, though they will certainly find much in Dr. Hamilton's treatise to interest them, it is not at all probable that they will accept it or any other book as an infallible guide. No class of men of our acquaintance are so self-reliant as military surgeons, and those who have gone through the late war have a right to form their own conclusions upon most points connected with the profession to which they belong. Dr. Hamilton, however, has labored with them, and it is due to him that they should give an attentive consideration to his opinions. They

will be the more inclined to do this when they discover that the author knows what he is talking about, and that he states his views with the modesty so becoming to us in all things, and especially in matters of a scientific character.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FAVORITE POEMS BY ENGLISH POETS. (The Cottage Library.) Bunce & Huntington, New York.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN NORTH AMERICA. By Francis Parkman. Part First. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

KNOW THE TRUTH. A Critique on the Hamiltonian Theory of Limitation. By Jesse H. Jones. Hurd & Houghton, New York.

Fine Arts.

THE DRAMA.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN.

THE audiences which nightly fill the Broadway Theatre are of the most diversified character—old devotees who remember Mr. and Mrs. Kean when they made their début at the old Park Theatre some twenty years ago, and who recall the pleasures of that time by the suggestions of to-day; young persons who are influenced by curiosity to see the stars who have been so long before the public; and a few whose love for Shakespeare is so great that his plays are welcome even if all the parts are not well performed.

Nature did little for Mr. Kean. She made him quite small, and gave him a feeble voice. No art nor training could therefore make him a great actor. He has, however, developed his powers to the utmost, and deserves praise for the success he has attained in spite of his physical deficiencies. He is a perfect artist. We have watched him with unceasing vigilance, and can find no fault with him as an actor. Every gesture is correct, every glance of the eye is exactly timed and expressive; every change of position and posture is the result of minute study, and so well practiced that the details of the rehearsal are not observed. He avoids gestures unless the result of passion, and is so attentive to what is said to him, and so prompt in his replies, that the words seem more like his own than those of the author. He has earnestness and pathos. He is simple and refined. He has almost entirely overcome those peculiarities of voice and manner which used to make him the subject of burlesque imitation. He interests, he excites, he charms, he controls the sympathies of his audience by his consummate art.

In the scene between *Shylock* and *Tubal*, in the Merchant of Venice (third act), Mr. Kean is especially effective. The rapid transitions between the emotions of the miser at the extravagance of his daughter and the exultations of expected revenge excited by the news of Antonio's misfortunes, are made with unsurpassed skill. While speaking the lines after his estates are confiscated for seeking the life of Antonio (act fourth),

"Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that;
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life;
When you do take the means whereby I live,"

the wretchedness expressed in attitude and voice is so touching that the resentment naturally aroused by the merciless vengeance of the Jew yields at once to pity for his crushed condition.

Mr. Kean does not make the heart leap with violent passion, because he has not the force of voice requisite; but he always delights, and leaves in the mind the most pleasant remembrance.

In a parlor, behind a table, Mrs. Kean would still delight by the purity of her reading; but her once beautiful voice has lost so much of its power, that the contrast with former days is constantly in the mind of those who remember her as Ellen Tree. Her figure has become very large, and is painfully unsuitable for the young, romantic, and lovely *Portia*. There are many characters which she can still take with effect, and we hope to see her in them. But as Mr. and Mrs. Kean do fill the theatre, it is natural to suppose that *Portia* and *Juliet* will occasionally appear as advanced maidens of more than ordinary stoutness.

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* "A Treatise on Military Surgery and Hygiene. By Frank Hastings Hamilton, M.D., etc." New York: Baillière Brothers. 1865. pp. 648.

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Viz.—Bonds and Mortgages	\$134,672 00
Temporary Loans	92,630 00
Real Estate	10,000 00
100 Shares Mer. Ex. Bank	5,000 00
Government Sec., value	144,514 00
Cash on hand	18,042 34
Interest due	3,085 58
Premiums due	6,785 26
PRESENT LIABILITIES	\$15,965 92
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Premium Notes and Bills Receivable, Real Estate, Bond and Mortgages, and other securities.....	3,140,530
United States Gold Coin.....	541,800
Cash in Bank.....	288,430
	\$11,135,500

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

SATURDAY A.M.

SINCE our last report, the official statement of the public debt of the United States to 31st August has been published. The figures compare as follows with the previous statement of the 31st July. They are received in financial circles most favorably as the evidence of the ability of the Treasury to pay its own way, from taxation and customs, without further borrowing:

	July 31.	August 31.
5-20s original.....	\$314,780,500	\$314,780,500
5-20s new	91,789,000	91,789,000
6 per cents., 1881.....	282,961,450	282,609,000
10-40s, 5 per cents.....	172,770,100	172,770,100
Old 6 per cents.....	19,330,592	19,339,592
Old 5 per cents.....	27,022,000	27,022,000
Total gold-bearing.....	\$1,108,662,642	\$1,108,310,192
7-30 per cents.....	\$830,000,000	\$830,000,000
6 per cents., compound.....	212,126,470	217,094,160
5 per cents., notes.....	39,954,230	39,954,230
6 per cent. certificates.....	106,706,000	85,093,000
6 per cent. stock to Pacific Road.....	1,258,000	1,258,000
Deposits on interest.....	99,116,845	107,148,713
Total currency-bearing.....	\$1,289,156,345	\$1,274,478,103
Greenbacks.....	\$433,160,569	\$433,160,569
Fractional.....	25,750,032	26,344,742
Requisitions.....	15,736,000	2,111,000
Total free of interest.....	\$174,646,601	\$461,616,311
Less on hand.....	*116,739,632	*88,218,035
Net free of interest.....	\$357,906,969	\$373,398,256
Debt past due.....	1,527,120	1,503,020
Total of all debts.....	\$2,757,253,276	\$2,757,689,571
Annual interest in gold.....	\$64,521,837	\$64,500,596
Annual interest in currency.....	74,740,630	73,531,037
Currency.....	\$84,401,775	\$42,782,284
Gold.....	35,397,887	45,435,171
Total.....	\$116,739,632	\$88,218,035

* On hand.

The associated banks in the New York Clearing House report as follows this week:

Local capital.....	\$9,535,665
National.....	68,847,700
Total in Clearing House.....	\$77,383,365
Loans.....	\$211,394,370
Specie.....	14,443,827
Deposits.....	180,316,658
Legal Tender.....	57,271,730

The whole stock of gold and silver in bank and in the New York Treasury Office compares as follows with this time last year:

	August 31, 1865.	August 31, 1864.
In the Sub-Treasury.....	\$38,381,820	\$12,731,793
In city banks.....	14,443,827	20,136,548
Total.....	\$52,825,647	\$32,868,341
Increase since September 1, 1864.....		\$19,957,326

The favorable statement of the public debt was published early in the week, and created an agreeable surprise from the fact that, for the first time since April, 1861, it showed no increase on the previous statement. This has given increased confidence to the Government funds. The circumstance that the New York (reformed) Democracy, in convention at Albany, have pledged the party to the integrity of the war debt of the United States, has also afforded much satisfaction to certain timid holders, who were apprehensive of some sort of attempt at "repudiation," as a party issue.

The Stock Exchange has been moderately active through the week, though the railway list is the subject of a pretty even contest between the *Bulls* and *Bears* of the Exchange, and the advantage gained in prices one day is lost the next, so that, as a general remark, very little improvement is shown over last Saturday.

The merchants and the Custom-house are still kept very busy with the fall trade. The customs for the week will reach about four millions in gold, and for the first eight working days in September nearly five millions, which is largely ahead thus far of July and August. Owing to the heavy average of duties, these customs do not point to a very excessive importation, though some concern begins to be felt that the movement is stronger than it should be in the present state of the country, unless cotton goes forward to Europe more freely by way of exchange. The receipts of cotton at this port the present week are 25,754 bales, while the export is only 1,882 bales. About 12,000 bales per week are believed to be taken for our domestic mills, which still leaves a large weekly accumulation of cotton stock on hand. There are

now probably 250,000 bales at the ports of New York, New Orleans, and Mobile, exclusive of the amount in transitu coastwise.

Money was partially firmer about the middle of the week, and some of the lenders to the Stock Exchange were able to get 6 per cent. The rate has fallen back, however, to 5 per cent., as the rate of the Street on call, and 6 to 8 per cent. on prime paper 60 days to 4 months in date. Exchange continues below the specie-exporting point, and bills on London were done yesterday, for the steamer sailing this morning, at 108½ to 109½. The price of gold remains 144½ to 144¾ per cent., the demand to pay customs being in part supplied from sales by the Government.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES.

The original 5-20s have advanced to 107½ on an improved London quotation. The new issue is up to 105½; the 6s of 1881, 107½ to 108; the 10-40s, ex dividend, 94½ to 94¾. No change in the 7.30 currency loans from 99½ to 99½ and accrued interest. The new certificates of indebtedness have advanced to 99 per cent. on the unexpected showing of the public debt. The compound legal tender notes are wanted at 105 for the June, 1864, issue, and 102½ to 101 for the later 1864 months.

STATE SECURITIES.

New York 7 per cent. scrip is 90 to 99½, including interest from July. Tennessees have further advanced from 75 to 80 per cent.

RAILWAY SECURITIES.

Ohio and Mississippi certificates advanced from 28 to 30, but fell back to 28 to 28½ per cent.; Erie shares 86½ to 91½ and back to 88½; New York Central, 93 to 92½; Reading, 106½ up to 107½ and back to 106½; Michigan Southern, 65½ up to 67½ and back to 66½; Michigan Central, 108½ up to 110, and back to 109; Pittsburg, 72½ up to 73½, and back to 71½; North-west, 28½ to 28; North-west Preferred, 63½ down to 61½; Fort Wayne, 97 to 97½; Rock Island from 108½ up to 111½ and back to 110½. The market unsettled at close of the week.

MISCELLANEOUS SHARES.

Bank stocks are dull this week. Atlantic Mail, down to 145 to 147; Canton, Cumberland, and Mariposa, steady; Quicksilver down to 48 and up to 49½ to 50.

GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

Gold, 144½; bills on London, 109 to 109½ for Bank names.

It is intended, in the interest of investors, as well as of the public generally, to have questions of trade and finance treated every week by a writer whose position and character will give his articles an exceptional value, and render them a safe and trustworthy guide.

A special correspondent, who has been selected for his work with care, has started on a journey through the South. His letters will appear hereafter every week, and he is charged with the duty of simply reporting what he sees and hears, leaving the public as far as possible to draw its own inferences.

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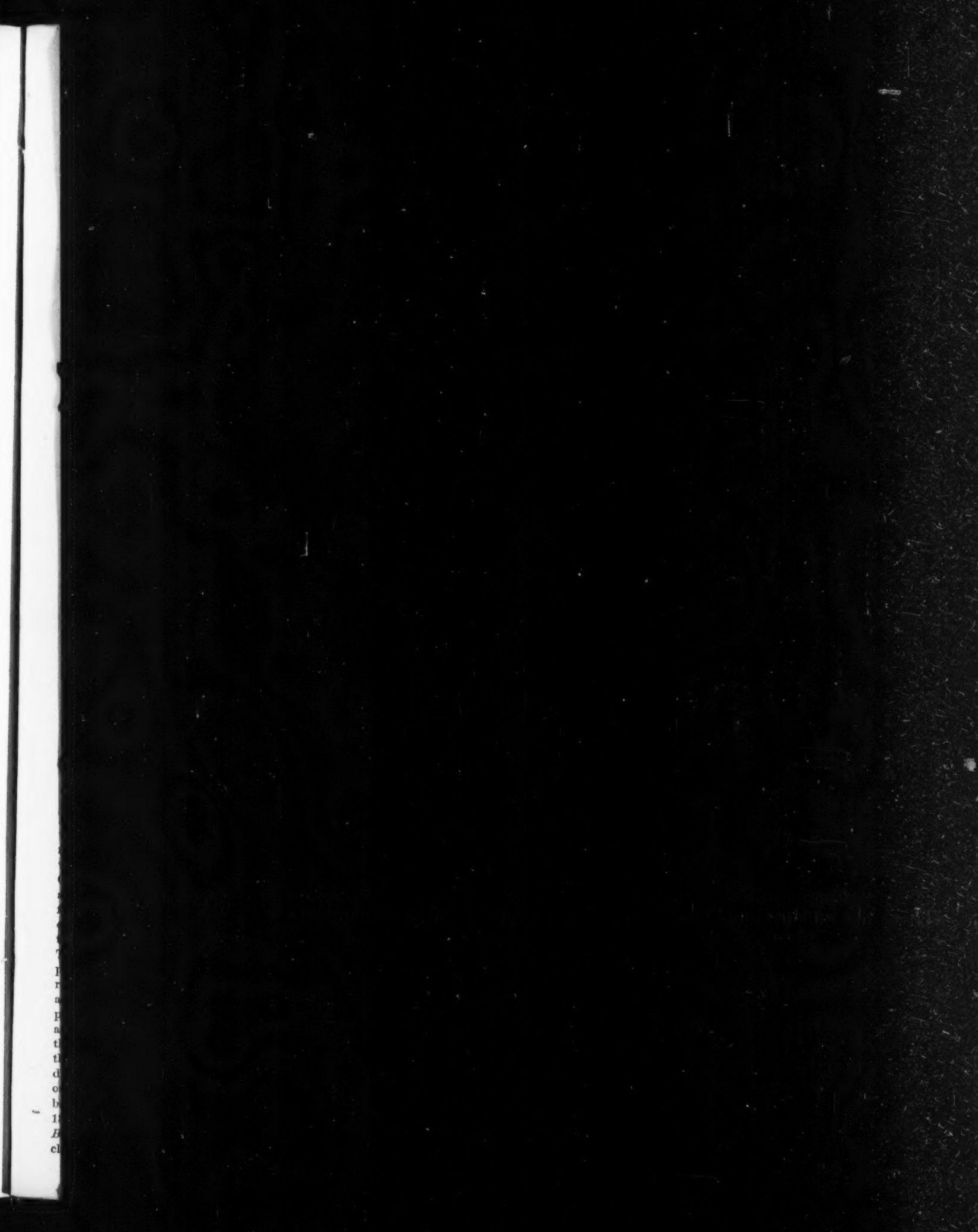
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